THE REPUBLICAN.

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Reserve Gen'l James A Beaver Meh 14

NEW COMPANY AWARDED ST. LIGHTING CONTRACT

Moshannon Electric Co. To Pay $15,000 For Green Mill.

TO BUY B'FE. ELECTRIC

Clearfield Syndicate Headed by Asbury Lee Has Option on Local Plant—To Change System From Direct to Alternating Current.

Bellefonte borough Council on Monday night granted a franchise to and entered into a 10-year street lighting contract with the Moshannon Electric Co. This company is a subsidiary concern of the State-Centre Electric Co., which holds an option on the plant of the Bellefonte Electric Co. It will take over and be in possession of the latter company within the next thirty days, according to present plans.

In consideration of being awarded a franchise and a 10-year street lighting contract, the Moshannon Electric Co. has entered into an agreement with the borough to purchase the Green mill property, at Milesburg, for $15,000. Of this amount $5,000 is to be paid on delivery of the deed, and $2,000 each year for a period of five years, payments to be covered by notes bearing 4% interest. The purchasers comprising the syndicate include Asbury Lee, A. J. Musser and John W. Wrigley, of Clearfield, and former State Senator John S. Fisher, of Indiana. Mr. Lee is president and Mr. Musser is secretary. H. J. Thompson of Philipsburg, is actively identified with the syndicate and likely will be general manager of the plants in several towns. The syndicate some time ago took over the plant at State College, and has obtained franchises at Milesburg, Howard and Unionville. In the near future electric power will be transmitted by the syndicate from its State College plant to Pine Grove Mills. The required number of subscribers have been secured in the latter place to warrant the extension of the service. A number of farmers residing along the route of the cables have also subscribed for electric lighting in their residences and barns.

Alternating current is to replace the direct current system now in use in Bellefonte. This will necessitate the installation of new machinery at the Bellefonte Electric Co., which will be done immediately after the plant is formally taken over. Re-wiring will be necessary for street lighting, which will be done at the expense of the new company. Re-wiring of residences, it is stated by members of the new company, will not be necessary. Direct current motors now in use will be replaced with alternating current motors by the new company.

The contract between the new company and Bellefonte borough provides the following basis of rates for street lighting:

$66 per annum for each arc lamp.

$63 each for 4 400-mazda lamps.

$45 each for 34 250-watt mazda lamps.

$22.50 each for 142 100-watt mazda lamps.

The contract also sets forth the following in regard to a maximum basis of rates for residence and commercial lighting:

"We also agree to furnish during the life of above street lighting contract electric current for residences and commercial lighting purposes at the following rates:

10c per k. w. hour for first 100 k. w. hours.

9c per k. w. hour for first 200 k. w. hours.

8c per k. w. hour for first 300 k. w. hours.

7c per k. w. hour for first 400 k. w. hours.

5c per k. w. hour for first 1000 k. w. hours.

A discount of 5% is to be allowed on all monthly bills of $10 and over.

A schedule of rates for power was not incorporated in the agreement. It was stated by Mr. Musser and Mr. Thompson, speaking for the new company, that power rates would be determined on the basis of the amount used in individual cases, the maximum rates, however, not to exceed those now in force at State College, Johnstown, and a number of other towns.

Bazaar and Supper.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Pleasant Gap Methodist Episcopal church will hold a bazaar and supper in Noll's hall, at Pleasant Gap, on Hallowe'en evening, October 31st. A regular supper will be served, including oysters, ice cream, cake and other delicacies. All are cordially invited.

GRAND JURORS

Drawn For the First Monday of December 1913

E. A. Bullock, blacksmith.....Boggs
C. R. Brown, blacksmith....Millheim
Lloyd Dinges, miller.....Haines
B. C. Fredericks, laborer.....Gregg
W. C. Gramley, huckster.....Gregg
Harry Gunsallus, clerk..Snow Shoe bo
Ed. Grevish, miner.....Rush
Thos. S. Hazel, merchant..Bellefonte
Jacob Harpster, farmer.....Ferguson
C. U. Hoffer, clerk.....Philipsburg
Geo. W. Keister, lumberman..Haines
Jas. P. Kelley, clerk..Snow Shoe boro
Jacob Lyon, butcher.....Bellefonte
Howard Miller, gentleman.....Miles
E. C. McKinley, laborer.....Boggs
James McMullen, gentleman....Boggs
Stuart Ripka, farmer.....Spring
C. M. Resides, farmer.....Union
William Rider, laborer.....Bellefonte
W. F. Rishel, farmer.....Gregg
W. H. Sinkabine, farmer.....Gregg
Hammond Sechler, merch't.Bellefonte
Benj. Smith, mason.....Bellefonte
J. Linn Woomer, mason..State College

Traverse Jurors—1st Week.

George Brian, farmer.....Potter
David Behrers, farmer....Half Moon
Charles Batchler, agent.....Rush
John C. Bathurst, barber.....Liberty
C. F. Cooke, book-keeper,..Bellefonte
A. C. Confer, farmer.....Gregg
H. A. Crain, manager....Philipsburg
J. S. Condo, farmer.....Marion
Alfred Derr, Editor.....Bellefonte
L. M. Decker, laborer.....Potter
James Eberts, farmer.....Worth
Thomas Fleisher, farmer.....Potter
J. T. Fye, farmer.....Burnside
M. I. Gardner, Ins. Agt.....Bellefonte
Ed. Grove, laborer.....Milesburg
W. F. Goss, farmer.....Taylor
Christ. Hipple, teamster,..S. S. Twp.
John Hipple, lumberman.....Union
Miles M. Hall, farmer.....Union
J. Fearon Hughes, laborer.....Spring
John Hook, laborer.....Harris
Albert Hazel, carpenter....Unionville
Milton Kern, barber.....Bellefonte
Henry Kline, inn keeper....Bellefonte
Newton Krebs, merchant....Ferguson
P. P. Leitzel, butcher.....Millheim
Philip Leister, farmer.....Potter
Rush Larimer, laborer.....Bellefonte
Charles Lutz, farmer.....Benner
Albert Maguire, mason.....Worth
Fred Mechtley, laborer.....College
C. A. Miller, laundryman..St. College
H. C. Musser, teacher.....Miles
A. G. Moris, Jr., laborer....Bellefonte
Geo. A. Miller, merchant....Bellefonte
James McWilliams, laborer..Ferguson
Fred Penny, laborer.....Rush
J. L. Reed, mason.....Rush
Daniel Stine, laborer,....S. Philipsb'g
James Stahl, saddler.....Centre Hall
J. S. Swabb, laborer.....Potter
David Slagel, carpenter..St. College
J. P. Shook, farmer.....Miles
Harry Sauers, merchant..St. College
William Wood, merchant.....Rush
John White, farmer.....Howard twp.
S. E. Ward, mechanic.....Ferguson
Chas. Wilcox, carpenter..S. Philipsb'g

Traverse Jurors—2nd Week.

A. A. Alexander, farmer.....Haines
N. A. Auman, merchant.....Millheim
Ed. Beightol, Miner..Snow Shoe twp.
Frank Beck, carpenter....Philipsburg
John Corman, farmer.....Walker
Chas. N. Decker, farmer.....Walker
Lyman Emerick, merchant....Patton
Geo. W. Fisher, farmer.....Burnside
Harry Frantz, farmer.....Potter
John Gordon, fireman.....Bellefonte
Raymond Gardner, laborer....Liberty
Ed. L. Jodon, farmer.....Spring
T. M. Kunes, merchant.....Liberty
A. L. Johnson, farmer.....Patton
John A. Lucas, farmer.....Boggs
Clement Luse, carpenter..Centre Hall
Reuben Mull, agent,.....Philipsburg
Claud Moore, jeweler....Howard Boro
Jacob Meyer, gentleman.....Harris
James Martin, laborer.....St. College
Chester McCormick, farmer..Ferguson
P. J. McDonnell, foreman..Unionville
Charles Poorman, laborer.....Walker
Peter Rolly, blacksmith.....Rush
Dennis Reese, farmer.....Worth
B. F. Shaffer, gentleman.....Walker
S. S. Simcox, farmer.....Rush
Henry Sinclair, liveryman..S. S. boro
H. H. Stover, painter.....Miles
H. F. Shook, farmer.....Gregg
Harry Todd, agent.....Philipsburg
Henry Thompson, farmer.....Liberty
William Taylor, milk dealer...Spring
Aaron Ulrich, farmer.....Penn
Adam Vonada, gentleman.....Miles
J. S. Weaver, farmer.....Haines
Clyde Weiland, laborer.....Harris
Alfred Witherite, farmer.....Boggs
S. C. Witmer, farmer.....Benner
John E. Yeager, farmer.....Curtin

Attacked by Bees.

On Wednesday of last week P. B. Woodring, of Port Matilda, while out hunting came across George Harpster, who had run a gray squirrel into a rock-oak tree. Mr. Woodring proposed climbing the tree and punching the squirrel out, and did so, but before he got up to the place where the squirrel disappeared he was attacked and badly stung by a swarm of bees. Needless to say he quickly came down the tree. The two hunters then got an axe and saw and cut down the tree. They were rewarded by getting about forty pounds of delicious honey. Resuming their hunting trip they got about the limit in game allowed for one day.

Accused of Theft.

Sanford Wilson was arrested last week and lodged in jail here charged by Wesley Hendershot with the larceny of about $47 in money and a hunter's license tag. The alleged theft was committed in a lumber camp near Orviston, supposedly during a celebration of some kind. Wilson contended that during the mix-up somebody made off with his watch. Hendershot subsequently appeared in Bellefonte and urged that Wilson be given his liberty. Their differences were adjusted amicably, and Wilson may be released.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

AGE DIDN'T SAVE HIM; NOW IN PENITENTIARY

60 yrs. Old William VanGorder Given 9 Months to 3 Years.

HIS FAMILY SATISFIED

Judge Orvis Disposed to be Lenient but Investigation Did Not Bear Out Story Told by Walker Township Man in Pleading Guilty.

William VanGorder's plea for leniency failed to help him much at the hands of Judge Orvis, and last Saturday the aged man was sentenced to the Western Penitentiary for a term of not less than nine months or more than three years. On Monday Sheriff Lee took him to Pittsburgh and now he is serving time.

VanGorder's offence was stealing $50 from a trunk in the home of David Harshbarger, near Hublersburg. The fact that VanGorder entered a plea of guilty, the additional fact that in his plea for leniency he declared that it was his first crime, and more than all, the fact that he was a man 60 years old deeply impressed the court. Judge Orvis was disposed to let him off with the lightest sentence possible, having in mind for him a term of a few months in the county jail.

Investigation of VanGorder's record, however, did not improve his chances for escaping a term in the penitentiary. It was represented to the court that the unfortunate man's family would be entirely satisfied to have him punished. VanGorder had stated to the court that ill health had prevented his working regularly to support his family. Others declared that he was habitually lazy.

When VanGorder was called for sentence the court had lost much of the sympathy for him which his first story had awakened. At the same time Judge Orvis was disposed to give him the minimum term in the penitentiary. Prisoners sent there must have a nine months term, at least. This minimum was allowed in VanGorder's case, the maximum being made three years, this to be governed by his behavior. VanGorder was visibly disappointed when he learned his fate. He is the oldest man to be convicted for a crime and sentenced to the penitentiary from Centre County in a number of years.

BUYS COAL YARD

W. R. Shope & Son Take Over and Will Operate John McCoy Plant.

An important business deal was closed on Monday whereby W. R. Shope & Son purchased the coal yard of John McCoy. The new owners will conduct the business in the future at the well known stand at the Central Railroad Co. of Penna. station. They will handle a full line of high grade coal and also wood and shingles.

William Shope, who has been bookkeeper and general manager for John McCoy at the coal yard, will have personal charge of the business in the future. He is a young man of considerable ability, is well and favorably known and has lots of friends who wish him the greatest success. Associated with him is his father, W. Reynolds Shope, manufacturer and general dealer in lumber. The new firm respectfully ask a fair share of the business in their line, assuring all prompt and courteous treatment and the very best service at their command.

Family's Sad Affliction.

The hand of affliction seems to have fallen heavily upon the home of Mr. and Mrs. William K. Goss, of Tyrone, the former being a son of County Auditor W. H. Goss, of Pine Grove Mills. Three weeks ago two of their little children died but a few hours apart from membranous croup. Several days ago their three-years-old daughter, Isabelle, died from the same disease. The young parents are prostrated with grief and in the hour of their sad affliction they have the sympathy of all.

Football Game Saturday.

Bellefonte Academy will play the Dickinson Seminary eleven from Williamsport, on Hughes field, on Saturday afternoon, next, at 3 o'clock. The two teams are rated as about evenly matched and a hard game is anticipated. Bellefonte Academy has been practicing daily in preparation for the clash with Williamsport, and the local boys fully expect to win. Keep in mind that although the fence at Hughes field has been removed the admission is 25c.

Read "The Republican $1 a year in advance.

SEVERAL WOMEN TAKE OUT HUNTERS LICENSES

Pay $1 Fee For Privilege of Trying Their Luck.

81 YR. MAN GETS HIS

Michael Heaton, of Yarnell, Drops into Office of County Treasurer Miller and Gets a Tag—Reads and Writes Without Glasses.

A half-dozen or more well known Centre County women have fortified themselves with hunter's license in order that theymay shoulder a gun and go into the mountains for game. Just how many of them have been trying their luck to date, or with what success, cannot be told, but all apparently expect to do some hunting for each has paid the necessary $1 fee for the little canvas tag that would hardly be worn for ornamental purposes.

Two of the ladies who have taken out hunter's licenses are Mrs. James Holmes and Mrs. Edward Madalda, of State College. Another is Mrs. Windon Gramley, of Spring Mills. Still another is Mrs. Harvey, of Orviston. A license has also been issued to Miss Ida Daughenbaugh, of Howard. Miss Esther R. Myers, of Philipsburg, also has a license.

Up to yesterday County Treasurer John D. Miller had issued 2761 hunter's licenses. An applicant who dropped into Mr. Miller's office yesterday and planked down a $1 bill for a license was Michael Heaton, of Yarnell. He is unquestionably one of the oldest hunters in Centre County. Mr. Heaton is 81 years old. Despite his advanced age he is remarkably active and is able to read and write without the aid of glasses.

CANDIDATES WITHDRAW

Compartively Few Retire from Ticket for November Election.

Comparatively few withdrawals have been filed by candidates in Centre County. Monday, last, was the last day for withdrawals of candidates for county offices. No withdrawals were filed.

Today is the last day for withdrawals by candidates for borough or township offices. G. Willard Hall recently withdrew as the Washington party candidate for tax collector in Bellefonte borough. W. H. Holter, of Howard, has withdrawn as the Republican and Washington party candidate for Justice of the Peace. C. H. Heckman has withdrawn as the Democratic candidate for assessor in Benner township. Mr. Heckman and J. W. Bodle polled a tie vote for the nomination and at the drawing of lots the former won out. Subsequently he concluded to retire from the ticket and accordingly filed his withdrawal.

A Sensible Manager.

Patrons of the Lycoming Opera House, at Williamsport, owe a debt of gratitude to Manager Fiske for protecting them against a fraud commonly practiced by many theatrical companies. The example set by Manager Fiske might be followed to good advantage by managers of opera houses in other towns. A few nights ago a theatrical company arrived at the Opera House but when the local manager discovered that the "star" advertised in advance was not with the company he promptly announced that he would not allow the curtain to go up. The theatrical company put up a cheap bluff by pretending that the "star" was ill and that an under-study was playing his part for a few nights, only. The local manager, however, declared that the people of Williamsport had been led to believe that the show would be as advertised. He refused to be a party to what he denounced as a fraud, and accordingly notified the audience to call at the box office and get their money back. It is a safe bet that no more companies will attempt to bunco Manager Fiske at the Lycoming Opera House. If every other local manager would insist on theatrical companies making good on their advance advertisements it would not only be a splendid thing for the public, but in the end it would increase the receipts at the box office.

Hallowe'en Party at Boalsburg.

The Civic Club of Boalsburg promises an evening's fun at their masquerade Hallowe'en party in Boal Hall, at Boalsburg. They expect some very notable people. Enoch and Maria Pickleweight and family have promised to attend, and many other equally good characters will be on hand. The ladies will serve Hallowe'en refreshments. The doors will be open at eight o'clock, and the grand march and introduction of characters will take place at eight-thirty. The admission will be 25 and 15c.

PLEA FOR GOOD ROADS

Town Meeting at Court House to Advocate Supporting Loan Measure.

A well attended and interesting meeting in support of the proposed $50,000,000 loan for good roads was held in the Court House last Thursday night, the speakers being Dr. E. E. Sparks, president of The Pennsylvania State College, and Representative Charles E. Foote, of New York. On Saturday Dr. Sparks and others addressed a meeting in support of the loan at Boalsburg.

Quite a few out-of-town persons were present for the Bellefonte meeting. Virtually every man present favored good roads, interest centering chiefly on how the proposed loan is to be expended. Dr. Sparks spoke in his usually happy vein and carried with him the sympathetic approval of the audience. Mr. Foote, during the course of his remarks, asserted that the annual revenue to the State derived from automobile licenses would cover the interest on the proposed loan. He called attention to Governor Tener's positive assurance that if the loan is approved at the November election the Legislature will not be convened in special session to provide for spending the money. The speaker explained that the money derived from the bond issue would be appropriated by Legislatures during the next ten years to come and that not more than $5,000,000 would be spent in any two years. He strongly emphasized the fact that the bond issue would not increase any citizen's taxes one penny.

RENEW MILL LEASE

Borough Council Exercises Option on Pumping Station for 10 Years.

Bellefonte borough Council at the regular meeting on Monday night exercised its privilege of renewing the lease with Col. W. F. Reynolds on the Phoenix mill property, using the same as an additional pumping station. A part of the place has been rented by the borough to the new wholesale grocery, of which G. Fred Musser is manager. The lease just renewed covers a period of ten years, at a monthly rental of $100. Council, at the suggestion of James D. Seibert, will endeavor to have Col. Reynolds install a water wheel of the most modern type.

Dr. J. L. Seibert, appearing before Council, asked that drainage facilities in Allegheny Street, in front of his new property, be improved. He explained that the intakes to sewers are too small, at best, and at this time of the year are congested with leaves, causing the water to stand in pools in the alley adjoining his lot. The matter was referred to the Street Committee for investigation.

James D. Seibert reported to Council that it would cost approximately $500 to install a stand-pipe at the reservoir. No action was taken on his report.

Famous Deer Case Ended.

The famous deer case, which has been watched with considerable interest by hunters in this part of the state and which it was thought would come before the Clearfield county court, has been disposed of in a rapid fire manner. Judge Searle, of Wayne county, specially presiding, has notified John H. Moore, prothonotary of Clearfield county, that he has quashed the indictment brought by the Clearfield county grand jury against B. M. Dickinson, the Pittsburg physician accused of having shot a buck deer, of which the horns were not visible.

Dr. Dickinson, while hunting in Clearfield county with a party of Pittsburg people, shot a buck deer. Somebody told the game warden that the horns were not visible above the hair and Joseph Kalbfus, secretary of the state game commission, brought suit, the case being heard before John C. Barclay a justice of Clearfield.

The squire gave judgment against the defendant, who appealed to the county court. The killing of the deer took place in December, 1911, but it took the grand jury until August of the present year to bring an indictment. The fact that there were a number of witnesses stating that the deer was hung up by the horns after it had been killed knocked the case of the state galley west and Judge Searle ended it quickly.

Accidentally Shoots Son.

John Gallagher, Jr., aged 15 years, of New Washington, is in the Clearfield hospital suffering from wounds in his face and arms, the result of a gunning accident while out hunting on Wednesday of last week with his father. The boy was sitting on a stump resting when a pheasant flew up. His father shot at the bird, which swooped toward the ground. A second shot was fired and to the horror of the father the leaden bullets struck the boy in the arms and face and he may lose the sight of one of his eyes.

IS AWARDED $4252 IN LUMBER CUTTING SUIT

J. T. Lucas, of Moshannon, Victor over Anthracite Lumber Co.

DECREE BY JUDGE ORVIS

Case Resulted From Contract for Cutting Lumber on Lands of Lehigh Valley Coal Co.—Payment to Mr. Lucas to be Made in 30 Days.

By an opinion and decree yesterday handed down by Judge Orvis, J. Toner Lucas, of Moshannon, is awarded a verdict of $4252.63 against the Anthracite Lumber Company. Payment to him is directed to be made within thirty days.

The decree of Judge Orvis marks a signal victory for Mr. Lucas in a case which has been hanging fire for a long time. It was argued before the court in August, 1912, and had since been held under advisement. The amount awarded Mr. Lucas represents a claim for $3353.81, with interest from May 1, 1909, making a total of $4252.63.

On August 23, 1905, the Anthracite Lumber Company entered into a contract to cut, saw, deliver and pile lumber to be cut on lands of the Lehigh Valley Coal Co., at the rate of $8.75 per thousand. Subsequently this was increased to $9.75. During the several years following Mr. Lucas filed complaints against the method of making payments employed by the lumber company. The latter disputed many of his credit claims, contending that his work had not been properly done and that much of the lumber was not merchantable. During this period credit claims were allowed Mr. Lucas amounting to $11,995.68. He still claimed a balance of $3353.81, the lumber company contending that it should be about $600. The matter then went to court.

The opinion filed by Judge Orvis is favorable to Mr. Lucas on most of the points involved. If the lumber company complies with the order of court and pays him $4252.63, as awarded, Mr. Lucas is directed to haul to the railroad for shipment 76,000 feet of lumber now at the grove, if the lumber company so requests, and that he be paid $76 additional for the service.

HAD AUSPICIOUS OPENING.

New Farmers Trust Company at State College Holds Reception.

The formal opening of the Farmers Trust Company at State College last Saturday afternoon proved to be an event of interest to many persons in that section. D. F. Kapp, the treasurer, was in a cheerful mood and spared no pains in showing visitors through the new quarters. The building is constructed of mottled brick, with Hummelstown brown stone trimmings, and is one of the best and most complete institutions of banking in the State. The structure is three stories high. On the first floor are the banking rooms, with directors' room ladies rest rooms, etc. All are splendidly furnished and finished in heavy wood., Handsome Wilton rugs cover the floors. The banking rooms are fitted out with the most modern appliances. Included are massive vaults containing safe deposit compartments for the bank's patrons. On the opening day the place was tastefully decorated with autumn leaves, palms and branches, also a splendid display of cereals and fruits told of the product of nearby farms. Refreshments were served in the men's waiting room, followed by a smoker.

The committee receiving guests included Mrs. D. F. Kapp and daughter, Miss Ruth; Mrs. Nelson E. Robb, Mrs. N. E. Hess, Mrs. I. L. Foster, Mrs. W. L. Foster, Miss Helen Levengood, Miss Lettie Robb and Miss Blanche Cole. The officers of the new bank, Jare T. McCormick, president; N. E. Hess, first vice president; Dr. L. E. Kidder, second vice president; N. E. Robb, secretary and trust officer. The directors are Mr. McCormick, Dr. Kidder, Mr. Hess, I. L. Foster, T. M. Huey, Dr. William Frear, E. C. Musser, W. L. Foster, J. M. Campbell, C. H. Foster, G. W. Scholl and Prof. John Price Jackson. The company is capitalized at $125,000.

Pheasants are Scarce.

Hunters report pheasants unusually scarce. Quite a number of squirrels have been bagged in the last week, but comparatively few hunters have been rewarded with pheasants.

Read "The Republican" $1 a year in advance.

KILLED BY FALL

J. Hogan Furst of Lock Haven Met Death in Philadelphia Hospital.

Falling from the fifth-story window of the Orthopaedic Hospital, Seventeenth and Summer streets, Philadelphia J. Hogan Furst, a prominent manufacturer, of Lock Haven, fell to the areaway of the hospital, early last Sunday morning, and was instantly killed. A male nurse, who had been sleeping in the room with him, was awakened by Furst raising the window, but the man had fallen before the nurse was able to rise from his bed.

Furst was taken to the hospital on September 15 by his wife and brother, suffering from neurasthenia, due to overwork. He was very nervous, but after a week in the hospital had recovered sufficiently to go out every day accompanied by his nurse. He attended the world's series baseball games and appeared on a fair road to recovery.

On Saturday he went out for a walk, retiring early. Several times during the night the nurse was awakened by his complaints of sleeplessness and melancholia. The nurse finally fell sound asleep just about dawn.

Shortly before 6 o'clock, the nurse was awakened by a noise, which he afterward judged was the raisingiof a window. First he looked toward his patient's bed and saw that it was empty. Then he glanced about the room and and saw the open window, catching just a flash of Furst as his body disappeared through the window. The nurse leaped out of bed and ran to the window. Looking down he saw the body of his patient lying on the cement paving of the areaway, 100 feet below.

Several doctors were called and went out into the areaway. They found that the man had been instantly killed, his skull crushed and several of his ribs smashed. Furst's wife and brother were notified of his death and arrived in Philadelphia on Monday to take charge of the body.

CORROBORATION

Of Interest to Bellefonte Readers.

For months Bellefonte citizens have seen in these columns enthusiastic praise of Doan's Kidney Pills by Bellefonte residents. Would these prominent people recommend a remedy that had not proven reliable? Would they confirm their statements after years had elapsed if personal experience had not shown the remedy to be worthy of endorsement? The following statement should carry conviction to the mind of every Bellefonte reader.

Mrs. John Anderson 245 S. Spring St., Bellefonte, Pa., says: "I willingly confirm the public statement I gave Doan's Kidney Pills two years ago, after they had benefited me greatly. I procured this remedy at Green's Pharmacy Co., when suffering from backache and severe pains in my loins, and it brought prompt and permanent relief. Another of my family was also cured of Kidney trouble by Doan's Kidney Pills."

Mrs. Anderson is only one of many Bellefonte people who have gratefully endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills. If your back aches—if your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mrs. Anderson had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., at Buffalo, N. Y. "When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name."

Real Estate Transfers.

Recorder Francis Speer has recorded the following real estate transfers:

Margaret Reese to Minnie Walk, 51 acres in Taylor Twp. $1200.

John S. Myers et ux to Joseph McClure, 77 acres in Rush Twp. $2100.

John M. Weaver et ux to Z. A. Weaver tract of land in Penn Twp. $300.

Philipsburg Coal & Land Co. 15 acres in Rush Twp. $300.

Dorothy M. Eisenhower et bar to Geo. W. Ricketts, tract of land in Rush Twp. $500.

Joseph Griffin et ux to James Daws, tract of land in Philipsburg. $1.

Eliza G. Irvin to J. Howard Turner, tract of land in Huston Twp. $1000.

Mary. A. Walker to E. N. Kelley, premises in Spring Twp. $1200.

Alfred L. Auman, Assignee, to Cyrus H. Meyer, et al 2 tracts in Haines Twp. $80.

Thomas Foster et al to Charles Strouse, 126 acres in State College. $500.

Arthur B. Lee, Sheriff, to Andrew J. Cook, house and lot in Bellefonte. $500.

J. Frank Smith C. O. C. to John M. Kachik, house and lot in Clarence. $9926.89.

Remember the name—Doan's—and "I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regulets relieved and strengthened the bowels., so that they have been regular ever since."—A. E. Davis, grocer, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

Learn Something

to your advantage.

Write for our booklet entitled "What would you like to know." It explains our methods of suppling confidential information. Mailed on request, No Charge

THE WORLD INFORMATION ASSOCIATION.
1152 Bowling Green Building, New York

Correspondence.

Pine Grove Mills.

Mr. and Mrs. John Osman were recent visitors at the George Martz home.

Clarence Lemon, of Morgantown, W. Va., spent last week among his many acquaintances here.

George Everts, of Tyrone, was circulating among his friends in the valley last week.

The Mite Society held a festival in the town hall on Saturday evening. Refreshments of all kinds were served.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Martz enjoyed a ten days visit in the City of Brotherly Love and other points of interest in the eastern part of the State.

Mrs. Olie Bowersox came down from Altoona to spend a few weeks at the home of her father, G. W. McWilliams, whose health does not improve as rapidly as we all could hope for.

Mrs. William Thompson, who was taken to the Bellefonte hospital to go under the knife for appendicitis, is recovering nicely.

Mrs. Susan Adair, of Indiana County, visited at the H. M. McCracken home.

Mr. and Mrs. John Osman are arranging a trip to the Buckeye State to visit their son, Orie, at Cleveland, where he has a good job on the Big Four.

J. C. Crotzer, who has been Al. Corl's right-hand man on the farm, recently resigned and flitted to Mill Hall, where he will engage in making brick.

Although apples seem to be scarce the cider press of E. E. Royer ground out three thousand gallons of cider one day last week.

Mrs. Ephley Johnson, with her five children, came over from Somerset and are visiting Centre County relatives and friends.

Everybody that had a gun, or could borrow one, was on old Tussey bright and early on the opening day, and judging from the amount of firing done game must have been plenty.

A new barn is being built on the old site of the Arthur Ellenberger farm. Joe Meyers has the contract.

J. F Weiland, the hustling grain and coal merchant, at Linden Hall, recently shipped a car of straw westward.

W. C. Kuhn is handling the yardstick behind the counter in the Will Stuart store. Some day he may be a Wanamaker in the quiet town of Boalsburg.

Samuel M. Hess was home from Selinsgrove for the first days of the hunting season.

B. F. Davis has sold his residence at Baileyville to Aaron Tressler. Mr. Davis recently bought a farm near Quakertown, Bucks County, and will move about November 1st. He intends farming in a small way and raising fancy poultry.

Several nights ago sheep dogs invaded Charley Meyers' flock and killed a number, also wounded others.

Samuel Ewing, of Charter Oak, was greeting some old-timers hereabouts the early part of last week.

E. S. Tressler has beautified his fine yard by erecting a new iron fence, of the Ward pattern, set in concrete.

Dr. Kentzer, of Bellwood, has been making his annual rounds in the valley, supplying his patrons with new grinders.

Mrs. John Ross some days ago gave a dinner party to a number of her lady friends. Her daughter, Mrs. Bliss Meyers, of Virginia, was the guest of honor.

Rev. L. S. Spangler held services in the new church at Gatesburg each evening last week.

Mrs. Robert Wilson spent the early part of the week with friends at Hannsh Furnace and Tyrone.

Curbstone gossip says that Miss Margaret Moon will be an Autumn bride, the nuptials to be in the near future. Mr. Paul Stager, of Danville, is the lucky fellow.

W. B. Ward, C. H. Martz, Ernest and Harry Hoy, George Young, Frank Swabb, John Stover, John Miller, Reed and Fred Randolph and John Kellar were among the sight-seers at the Washington excursion.

Our man of hammer and tongs, Charley Martz, member of the 24th Cavalry, attended the reunion of the regiment held at Mercersburg, Pa. It was one of the best the old boys have ever held. Captain Fensell came all the way from Oklahoma to lay a log on the camp fire. Although past 90 years he was one of the youngest and most active of the squad. The 1914 meeting is sheduled to be held at Nillsburg.

W. A. Smoyer, and A. D. Tanyer were within our gates at I. O. O. F., 276, Saturday evening, Oct. 11th. On that occasion the newly elected officers were installed by D. D. G. M., T. M. Gramley, of Spring Mills. The officers installed follow: James Hoover, N. G.; E. C. Musser, Treasurer; J. H. Meyers, Financial Secretary; Charles Homan, Recording Secretary; Dr. R. M. Krebs, Chaplain; J. E. Bressler, Warden; C. H. Meyers, Conductor; A. Laird, R. S. S.; C. Colobine, L. S. S.; Harry McCracken, R. S. to N. G.; W. H. Glenn, L. S. to N. G.; H. M. Walker, I. S. G.; H. Y. Elder, O. S. G.; A. S. Walker, representative to Orphans Home; Harry McCracken, representative to Grand Lodge; Wm. G. Gardner, alternate. At the close of the session an elegant oyster supper was served. T. M. Gramley was toastmaster. [illegible] and his right-bower, Frank Crawford, were here recently looking after their share of the hardware trade.

Pine Grove Mills is still on the map. A citizens meeting was held in the High School to arrange to pull the electric line across the country from State College to our town. A committe was appointed to canvas the town as to the probable cost and to report later.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Corl, Mrs. L. H. Osman and daughter Esther, spent Sunday of last week at the H. C. Bloom home, where the latch-string is always out, with a cordial welome and plenty of eatables at all times ready.

Regret was expressed here on receipt of word of the death at Braddock of Mrs. Rosetta, widow of the late J. W. Krumrine. She passed away at the fine old age of eighty-three. Before her marriage to Mr Krumrine she was Rosetta Musser, a sister of the late Emanuel Musser. Her early life was spent near State College, on the farm now owned by Hon. J. T. McCormick. Her death occurred at the home of her son-in-law, Benjamin Roop. Burial was made at Pine Hall.

A few details of the recent dedication of the new Lutheran church at the beautiful village of Gatesburg may be of interest to readers of this column. Brief reference was made to the subject last week. The Weather Man was more than liberal and gave the people the very best he had. The day was certainly an ideal one and the exercises were beautifully impressive and pleasing. The handsome new edifice is of brick, 50 x 34 feet, with an additional choir loft 17 x 10, also a 10 x 12 foot tower, in which hangs the old bell whose chimes call the worshippers together. The edifice has been erected at a cost of $7,000, of which amount $786 was still to be accounted for. Dr. Spangler very soon induced the audience to respond, and contributions flowed in rapidly, ranging from $1 to $100, and in a short time $1,000 was raised, the debt liquidated and a snug sum placed in the treasury. The edifice is beautiful and churchly, the fresco work is perfect, and the colors blend admirably, and in every way the building is a valuable addition to Gatesburg. The gasoline lighting plant was installed by L. C. Bullock, Jr., of State College. Carl Heaton did the frescoing. The pews are of solid wood, while on the floor is a handsome carpet. W. H. Barr was the builder. McElwain Bros. did the brick work. The church officers are J. M. Rider, Jacob Harpster, Elders; W. H. Barr, Isaac Rider, Deacons. Rev. L. S. Spangler, J. C. Gates, J. M. Rider, J. R. Lemon and Isaac Rider comprised the building committee.

The church was organized in 1823, with Rev. Carl Schmidt as the first pastor. He was followed by Rev. D. M. Moser, in 1827. For almost fifty years he broke the "bread of life." He was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, and the latter by Rev. Mr. Kempher, Rev. Daniel Sill, Rev. Mr. Koser, Rev. Mr. Earhart, Rev. Mr. Long, (Supply), Rev. Mr. Smith, Rev. Mr. Warner, Rev. C. T. Aiken, Rev. Mr. Bergstresser, Rev. Mr. Shultz and the present pastor, Rev. L. Roy Spangler. In the church are memorial windows to Michael Rider and wife, Joseph Grazer and wife, J. Calvin Gates and family, Rev. Daniel Sill and Rev. L. S. Spangler.

The dedicatory sermon at the morning service was preached by Rev. Dr. C. T. Aiken. At the evening service Dr. Spangler, father of the pastor, filled the pulpit. Rev. Isaac Krider, of Duncansville, took an active part, and told the younger folks of customs long ago. While he was in his youth he acted as janitor in the old building, which was heated by a tin-plate stove. One of his duties was that of snuffing the tallow candles on the walls and pulpit. His description of facilities and customs of these days, and comparison with present day advantages, was especially interesting.

To Aid Instigators.

The General Manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad has communicated to to Superintendents, instructions prohibiting the destruction of railroad equipment involved in an accident causing loss of life or injuries to passengers, until public officials have had ample opportunity to examine the same. It is not intended that any such rule should operate to prevent the promptest possible resumption of traffic, nor that such equipment shall remain for any great length of time along the right of way. The Company feels that it may reasonably expect officials desiring to make such an examination to do so quite promptly.

Mrs. Nancy Henry Dead.

Mrs. Nancy M. Henry, widow of the late Albert Henry, and who was a native of Rock Forge, this county, died at the home of a daughter in Pittsburg on Sunday evening, October 13th, aged 78 years. She was a daughter of William W. and Mary Ann Miles, early settlers of Centre county. Two sons and one daughter survive, together with two brothers and one sister.

Soothes itching skin. Heals cuts or burns without a scar. Cures piles, eczema salt rheum, any itching. Doan's Oin ment. Your druggist sells it.

Noah's Ark

It Needed a Mrs. Noah

By CLARISSA MACKIE

The houseboat was moored under the willows by the river bank. It was a blunt nosed, bargelike craft, its upper deck gay with red striped awnings and boxes of scarlet geraniums. A hatless young man garbed in white with his shirt sleeves rolled above brown arms was peeling potatoes in the doorway of the galley.

Every now and then the man lifted a pair of fine brown eyes and scanned the red bridge that crossed the river a hundred yards above the houseboat. Occasionally a farm wagon creaked across or a touring motorcar flashed by.

The river was uneasy these days. Successive spring rains had swelled it until it was now rising beyond its highest water mark. Almost imperceptibly the brown waters crept to the level of the banks, and the old bridge was alarmingly close to the surface of the stream.

But the country folk were slow going and not given to borrowing trouble. The Willow never had overflowed its banks, and it never would. Often it had reached the floor of the bridge, only to subside when its tributary springs and streams had spilled out their surplus share of the spring rains.

It had rained for weeks during this June, and when the houseboat crept up the stream and cast anchor under the willows the weatherwise predicted a wet vacation for the luckless voyager. They had watched the young man spread his easel on the shady deck and paint the slanting rain on the wheatfields or the sun peeping through the dripping willows or the boggy coolness of the farther shore.

Noah Parker was enjoying this vacation as he had never enjoyed one before. But there was a feeling of uneasiness in the gradual rising of the river, together with the newspaper accounts of the devastating floods in the adjacent states.

"Hey, there!" called a voice from the bank. And Noah set down his potatoes and went to the rail.

"Hello, Simon!" he called to the tow-headed farm lad, who held forth a basket of eggs. "Come aboard."

Simon amorously set one bare foot on the narrow landing plank, placed the other before it and finally reached the deck, where Noah promptly yanked him aboard, skillfully relieving him of the basket at the same instant.

"Two dozen for 30 cents. Simon, I feel like a robber," said Noah, diving into his pocket and bringing up a fifty cent piece. "Take this and keep the change if there is any way of spending 20 cents in this benighted hamlet."

Simon caught the coin, grinned delightedly and took the empty basket.

"I'm going to treat Miss Molly to ice cream," he confided blushingly.

"Ah, ha! Who is Miss Molly?"

"Schoolteacher. She's going to stay all summer and teach again in September. She ain't got any folks to go home to, and she's boarding at our house. I wanted to treat her to something all winter, but, gosh hang it all, I couldn't seem to save enough. When ice cream sody was 5 cents a glass I got 10 cents all to once, and on my way home to ask her I saw a sign in the store saying it had gone up to 10 cents. So I jest gave it up. But, by cricky, if you wait long enough you can get hold of anything!"

"You like your teacher, eh?" asked Noah.

Simon's eyes shone. "You betcher life. Why, what do you think she's doing, mister?"

"Give it up."

"Why, jest because me and Lem Peters and Susie Anderson couldn't sense fractions and didn't pass our zaminations last week, she's fixed up the old boathouse yonder for a schoolroom, and she helps us every afternoon with them fractions. She wants to help us on grammar, but I tell her I don't need it. Grammar don't bother me none; do you think so, mister?"

Noah suppressed a smile.

"It doesn't seem to, sonny."

"I'll tell her that, by gum. There she is now! I'm going to ask her right off. I wonder what kind she'll take, what say?" Simon paused on the plank and looked anxiously through the torn brim of his hat at Noah.

"Probably she'll choose strawberry," responded Noah gravely, as man to man, and Simon nodded solemnly and capered away toward the bridge where a slender, blue gowned figure was crossing toward the town.

Noah saw her stop and wait for the lad, and he noted even from that distance that her hair was dark beneath her white hat and that her face was softly oval. She put one hand on Simon's shoulder and swung her parasol to the other side. Together they went away. Once they paused, and Simon pointed back at the houseboat, but Noah ducked into the kitchen, where he proceeded to put the neglected potatoes to boil.

"She must be a nice girl," he said to himself as he washed up his dishes after the meal, and then he realized, with a hot blush, that unconsciously he had been thinking of Miss Molly for an hour and a half.

That night it rained heavily after a severe thunderstorm, and as morning dawned Noah, lying wide awake, realized that the Ark, as he had named his pleasure boat, was scraping bottom. He tossed on some clothes and in the pale gray light found that the river had risen until the hull of the Ark was resting on the muddy bank. He examined the motor and found it in order for an early start if it should be necessary.

It seemed vastly important that he should get the Ark out of the main current and into some safe inlet before the red bridge broke away, as it must under the pressure of the swollen river. Even now he could hear the dull roar of water against the timbers.

But daylight brought a gathering of skeptical farmers, who reluctantly fastened the shaking bridge to the willows by heavy logging chains at the four corners of its thirty foot span.

"She'll stand all right now. We've seen it worse'n this," grunted Ezra Bead, with a quizzical squint at Noah's disturbed face. "Want any help pushing your boat off the bank?"

"If you can spare time," returned the young man. "If the bridge should break away"—

"It won't break away; the water's falling already," interrupted Ezra, examining the two inches of river that had overflowed the meadow where they stood.

By noon the Ark was moving downstream with the current. The red bridge was straining at the chains, and wagons were going around by the new cement bridge at the upper falls.

Noah made fast to a bending willow and cooked his dinner. Just as he had concluded the meal there came a grinding crash from upstream, mingled with the roar of coming waters. A little island protected the Ark from the main current, and Noah watched keenly from his safe harbor for anything that might come with the flood.

First came the red bridge end on like some queer, crazy raft teetering up and down in the strong current. Behind it bobbed one of the willows pulled from the bank by the wrecked bridge. When bridge and tree had disappeared Noah got into his skiff and rowed around the island to wait for further floating objects. Here and there along the river banks were boathouses or occasional springhouses where the farmers obtained their drinking water. In any one of these riverside houses, which must come down with the flood, might be a human being caught unawares.

At last there was a sound of voices, and there came riding down the current a small boathouse with its gabled roof pointing downstream, and sitting around the open doorway with feet swinging inside the little building were four people.

Noah did not attempt to catalogue them by name or identity. He simply reached out his handy boathook and pulled gently at first and then with all his strength until the house swirled heavily around and crashed to a momentary anchorage on the shore of the almost inundated island.

"I'll take you off in my boat. Hold on there for a moment!" cried Noah, and in five exciting minutes he had transferred the four voyagers to the safe deck of the Ark, where they all gazed breathlessly at each other before bursting into exclamations of surprise and joy at their rescue.

Noah looked curiously at them. There was Simon Bead, sunburned and dripping wet; there was undoubtedly Lem Peters, whose cranial contour indicated that fractions and he would never come to a definite understanding; there was Susie Anderson, fat and flaxen haired and good naturedly stupid looking, and last because she was not the least was a blue gowned girl with raven hair and starry blue eyes and cheeks quite pink with excitement.

"Well, Simon, suppose you introduce me to your teacher and your schoolmates," he said at last.

Miss Decker looked encouragingly at Simon, who twisted his fingers in his hair and shot an agonized glance at his rescuer.

"That's her," he stammered, pointing a finger at his teacher. "That's Miss Molly, I mean; and that's Susie, and she never bawled once, mister, when the river floated us while we was saying grammar; and that's Lem; he hollered some, and so did I; and say, mister, we had that ice cream last night!" he ended, with shining eyes.

"I'm very glad," said Noah kindly, as he shook hands with Molly Decker and her two bashful charges. "Now that you're safely on the Ark—yes, this is really Noah's Ark, my name is Noah Parker—suppose we find something to eat. Perhaps Miss Decker will take you below and rummage in the kitchen while I go out and watch for more castaways."

While Noah waited around at the end of the island, Molly and the children found materials and prepared an appetizing meal for the weary Noah when he should return to the Ark.

As they gathered around the table in the pretty dining room, Molly Decker poured the tea with charming grace. Perhaps that was what roused Susie Anderson to enthusiasm.

"Oh, Mr. Noah!" she cried excitedly "Let's play this is the real Ark, and you are Mr. Noah and Miss Molly shall be Mrs. Noah, and I will be the dove! The boys can be animals if they want to," she added generously.

"We won't play it today, dears," said Miss Molly gently, but for some unaccountable reason her cheeks flushed deeper.

"The Ark will return some other day," added Noah gayly, "and take all of you for a sail down the river—the whole school."

"And Miss Molly, too?" asked Simon jealously.

"And Miss Molly if she will come," assented Noah softly, and in his heart he added that he would try to persuade her to remain forever, for at last the only girl had come to him, and he told himself that every Ark needed a Mrs. Noah.

Musical Epigrams.

Walter Damrosch, the noted musician, answered at a luncheon a toast on music. Mr. Damrosch was in good vein, and the following are by no means the best of the epigrams that illuminated his remarks:

"Some pianists play from note, some from ear and some from spite.

"A drinking song need not necessarily have a rest in every bar.

"Composers are musicians with memories."

Women and Love.

Women for the most part do not love us. They do not choose a man because they love him, but because it pleases them to be loved by him. They love love of all things in the world, but there are very few men whom they love personally.—Alphonse Kerr.

Suspicious.

Mother (after the wedding)—Well, our daughter and her husband are off at last. What is it that troubles you, John? Father—I don't quite like that young fellow's parting words. He didn't say "Goodby;" he said "Au revoir."—Boston Transcript.

Austria.

As the Austrian empire consists of a great variety of different races, speaking different languages, so is the area embraced within the Vienna consular district characterized by a great variety of speech, of customs and of industrial habits.

Stirring Up Trouble.

Mrs. Crawford—I was so glad to find her out when I called. Mrs. Crabshaw—I knew you didn't like each other, so I told her when you were going to call.—Judge.

Careless.

"Have you made a special study of the subject on which you are going to lecture?"

"No," replied the gifted speaker. "I tried that once, and I got so interested in the subject that I didn't have time to write the lecture."—Washington Star.

No Fancy Shaves For Him.

The weather was warm, and Pat decided to shave on the back porch. Mrs. Casey, across the way, observed this.

"Pat," she called, "shure an' Oi see ye air shavin' outside."

"Begorra," he responded, "and did ye think Oi was fur lined?"—Judge.

Every misfortune can be subdued with patience.—Socrates.

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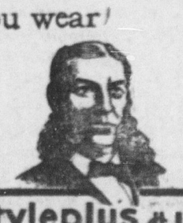

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EVERYTHING FOR MAN WOMAN OR CHILD FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

CLASTER'S

Bellefonte, Pa.

The Man She Met Abroad

He Was Not Acceptable to Her Father

By EDITH TOWNSEND

Paris, France, Oct. 3, 19—.

Dearest Papa—I have something awfully important to tell you. It's the most important thing in the world. Now, do be good and don't get upset. I know that you have never expected me to be married and all that, and you do expect that I'll be a good little girl and live with you and mamma always. And so I would if the finest, brightest, most intelligent, handsomest fellow in the world hadn't come along and asked me to be his wife. We met him in Switzerland, and he came here with us. Just think—he proposed to me in the gardens of the palace of Versailles! Wasn't that too lovely for anything?

He is obliged to return to America on the next steamer and will go at once to you to ask for me. He will also tell you all about himself, and I'm sure his account will agree with mine. Do be good to him for my sake. Your own loving

ELSIE.

"What did I ever let her go over there for to pick up some worthless globe trotter to come down on me for funds to keep him trotting? Something awfully important! I should think so! I told her mother to keep all such fellows away from her. But you can't trust a woman in such a matter. It takes a father to do that. 'Finest, brightest, most intelligent, handsomest.' What are you going to do with a girl who will tumble to the first mustache waxed nonentity that looks at her?"

Mr. Witridge after this soliloquy opened a letter from his wife giving a more coherent account of the man who was coming to ask for their daughter. He was an American, a young lawyer who had recently been admitted to the bar and was taking an outing before settling down to practice his profession. This was the substance of the report. There were many details, but none of the things said seemed to

"SHE LOVES ME AND ME ONLY."

make the father more inclined to be satisfied with what meant to him the loss of a daughter he loved so well.

A couple of weeks after the receipt of these letters Mr. Witridge stepped aboard the train he usually took to his home in the suburbs after business hours. He was not conscious of being followed by a young man who took the vacant seat beside him.

"How do you do, Mr. Witridge?" said the young man, with great cordiality.

The other looked up at him curiously, evidently not remembering him.

"Anything recently from Mrs. Witridge and Miss Elsie?"

"They're in Paris," was the brief reply.

"Paris is an attractive place for ladies. I fear we shall not get them home soon."

"They're coming on the next steamer."

"That must be gratifying to you. I suppose you find living alone rather dull?"

"I find it very dull indeed."

"You have an attractive daughter, Mr. Witridge."

"Yes; Elsie's a nice girl."

"I should think you would fear that some of those foreign chaps would fall in love with her and keep her there."

Now, Mr. Witridge was full of his daughter's engagement and ready to pour forth his dissatisfaction to some sympathetic listener. He had no remembrance of having seen this young man before, but he could not be expected to remember all his daughter's acquaintances, and his eyesight, as well as his memory, was not serving him as it had when he was younger.

"Elsie's engaged to an American," he said.

"Elsie engaged!" The speaker looked as if he had received a terrible blow. He appeared to control himself with difficulty.

"Pardon me!" he gasped. "I—I had hoped"—

Mr. Witridge surmised that he had encountered a disappointed suitor for his daughter.

"Have you known my daughter long?" he asked.

"Long! One does not need to know your daughter long to be assured of her inestimable worth."

"Let me see. I remember your face very well, but I have a way of forgetting names. You are"—

"Tickets!" cried the conductor. And both gentlemen plunged into their pockets, the younger neglecting to reply to the other's question. When his ticket had been taken up he said:

"Mr. Witridge, I confess that your announcement has affected me terribly. I dread being alone this evening. I don't know what I may do. I wish you would dine with me and keep me company till bedtime."

"My dear boy, come home with me. I am alone in a big house and will be delighted to entertain you."

So the unfortunate suitor went home with Mr. Witridge, and the two sat down together to dinner. The elder man had dined alone nearly every day since his wife and daughter had gone abroad, and it was a great comfort to him to have a companion. He was much pleased at his guest's appearance and thought that if Elsie had given her heart to such a man the pill would not have been so hard to swallow. Mr. Witridge regretted deeply that Elsie had not thought proper to listen to his suit.

"Did she encourage you?" he asked.

"Encourage me? That is not the way to put it. Had she not made this trip abroad all would have been different."

"I don't doubt it. I was opposed to her going. It's a mistake to expose girls to those broken down foreign fortune hunters and American globe trotters. If I had my way Elsie would have remained at home. But if you're ever married, young man, you'll find that your wife knows everything and you know nothing."

"I only ask to see your daughter once to win her away from this fellow. She loves me and me only. Doubtless sightseeing together abroad, dawdling in picture galleries, boating on the Italian lakes with him, have made her think that she has found a new love. As soon as she gets away from his influence she may very easily be brought under mine."

"You don't mean it!"

"I do. I am perfectly confident that in the bottom of my heart she loves me and me only."

"Well, young man," he said resolutely, "if you wish to renew your addresses to my daughter when she comes home all I have to say is that you can count on all the influence I have in this family—it's not much, I admit—to help you. You're a gentleman, every inch of you. I'd much rather have Elsie marry a man I've seen and like—yes, I like you first rate—than one I've never heard of before."

The guest reached across the table and fervently pressed the speaker's hand.

"What are you going to do in the matter?" asked Mr. Witridge presently.

"I will meet your daughter at the dock when she lands and be guided by circumstances."

"But likely you'll find the other fellow there too. He's in America. Elsie wrote he was to come over before her. I've been expecting him every day to come and ask me for her."

"Leave all that to me. He won't interfere with my meeting Elsie. Any one has a right to do that."

"But are you sure you can manage it all?"

"Perfectly."

"You were not engaged when Elsie went away, were you?"

"No."

"Then why are you so sure?"

"Simply because Elsie loves me, and no man on earth can take her away from me unless temporarily. As I have said, she has been under other influences; then, too, she is very young."

"Young! I should think so! She should be in the nursery instead of traipsing around Europe, exposed to every impoverished scamp who comes along."

Before the evening was over the guest promised that if he should win Elsie he would make his home in the same street—next door, if possible, to her former home—and Mr. Witridge, under the genial influence of a good dinner, assured him that he would rather have him for a son-in-law than any man living. The guest was pressed to stay all night; but, realizing that his host might in the morning be less genial, he declined and returned to the city.

In due time Mrs. Witridge and her daughter arrived, and her father's dinner companion met them at the pier, it having been arranged between him and the old gentleman that the latter should keep out of the way.

"I've met your father, and he is mine," said the young man.

"You don't mean that he has consented"—

"I do."

"How did you ever do it?"

The lover told the story on the way to the lady's home and how he had made a friend of Mr. Witridge and secured his consent that he should cut the other fellow out with the father's promised assistance.

Soon after her arrival Elsie Witridge informed her father that as a dutiful daughter she would marry the man of his choice. Mr. Farnsworth, the accepted suitor, called and was received by all the family with open arms. For some time Mr. Witridge made frequent allusions to that chap his daughter met abroad, wondering why he had not called to ask for her and intimating that if he had done so he would have been peremptorily refused. Mrs. Witridge and her daughter at such times maintained a discreet silence, declining to discuss the matter. The Farnsworths have been married two years, and Mr. Witridge is still ignorant of the way his consent was gained to his daughter's marriage with the man she met abroad.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS TO THE CONSTITUTION SUBMITTED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION, BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, AND PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Number One.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to article nine, section four, of the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, authorizing the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the improvement of the highways of the Commonwealth.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:

That section four of article nine, which reads as follows:

"Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiency in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars," be amended so as to read as follows:

Section 4. No debt shall be created by or on behalf of the State, except to supply casual deficiencies of revenue, repel invasion, suppress insurrection, defend the State in war, or to pay existing debt; and the debt created to supply deficiencies in revenue shall never exceed, in the aggregate at any one time, one million of dollars: Provided, however, That the General Assembly, irrespective of any debt, may authorize the State to issue bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars for the purpose of improving and rebuilding the highways of the Commonwealth.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 1.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Two.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, so as to permit special legislation regulating labor.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof.

Amendment to Article Three, Section Seven.

Section 2. Amend section seven, article three of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:—

"Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension, or impairing of liens:

"Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

"Changing the names of persons or places:

"Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases:

"Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

"Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

"Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

"Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

"Authorizing the adoption or legitimation of children:

"Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties or changing county lines:

"Incorporating cities, towns, or villages, or changing their charters:

"For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

"Granting divorces:

"Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits, or school districts:

"Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

"Changing the law of descent or succession:

"Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery, or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

"Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

"Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

"Fixing the rate of interest:

"Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

"Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

"Exempting property from taxation:

"Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing:

"Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

"Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

"Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

"Nor shall any law be passed granting powers and privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for,"—so as to read as follows:—

Section 7. The General Assembly shall not pass any local or special law authorizing the creation, extension or impairing of liens:

Regulating the affairs of counties, cities, townships, wards, boroughs, or school districts:

Changing the names of persons or places:

Changing the venue in civil or criminal cases:

Authorizing the laying out, opening, altering, or maintaining roads, highways, streets or alleys:

Relating to ferries or bridges, or incorporating ferry or bridge companies, except for the erection of bridges crossing streams which form boundaries between this and any other State:

Vacating roads, town plats, streets or alleys:

Relating to cemeteries, graveyards, or public grounds not of the State:

Authorizing the adoption, or legitimation of children:

Locating or changing county-seats, erecting new counties or changing county lines:

Incorporating cities, towns or villages, by changing their charters:

For the opening and conducting of elections, or fixing or changing the place of voting:

Granting divorces:

Erecting new townships or boroughs, changing township lines, borough limits, or school districts:

Creating offices, or prescribing the powers and duties of officers in counties, cities, boroughs, townships, election or school districts:

Changing the law of descent or succession:

Regulating the practice or jurisdiction of, or changing the rules of evidence in, any judicial proceeding or inquiry before courts, aldermen, justices of the peace, sheriffs, commissioners, arbitrators, auditors, masters in chancery or other tribunals, or providing or changing methods for the collection of debts, or the enforcing of judgments, or prescribing the effect of judicial sales of real estate:

Regulating the fees, or extending the powers and duties of aldermen, justices of the peace, magistrates or constables:

Regulating the management of public schools, the building or repairing of school houses and the raising of money for such purposes:

Fixing the rate of interest:

Affecting the estates of minors or persons under disability, except after due notice to all parties in interest, to be recited in the special enactment:

Remitting fines, penalties and forfeitures, or refunding moneys legally paid into the treasury:

Exempting property from taxation:

Regulating labor, trade, mining or manufacturing, regulate and fix the wages or salaries, the hours of work or labor, and make provision for the protection, welfare and safety of persons employed by the State, or by any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village, or other civil division of the State, or by any contractor or sub-contractor performing work, labor or service for the State, or for any county, city, borough, town, township, school district, village or other civil division thereof:

Creating corporations, or amending, renewing or extending the charters thereof:

Granting to any corporation, association or individual any special or exclusive privilege or immunity, or to any corporation, association, or individual the right to lay down a railroad track:

Nor shall the General Assembly indirectly enact such special or local law by the partial repeal of a general law; but laws repealing local or special acts may be passed:

Nor shall any law be passed granting powers or privileges in any case where the granting of such powers and privileges shall have been provided for by general law, nor where the courts have jurisdiction to grant the same or give the relief asked for.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 2.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Three.

A CONCURRENT RESOLUTION.

Proposing an amendment to section three of article eight of the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania (if the Senate concur), That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section three of article eight, which reads as follows: "All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All the elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for the county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall always be held in an odd-numbered year," so as to read:

Section 3. All judges elected by the electors of the State at large may be elected at either a general or municipal election, as circumstances may require. All elections for judges of the courts for the several judicial districts, and for county, city, ward, borough, and township officers, for regular terms of service, shall be held on the municipal election day; namely, the Tuesday next following the first Monday of November in each odd-numbered year, but the General Assembly may by law fix a different day, two-thirds of all the members of each House consenting thereto: Provided, That such elections shall be held in an odd-numbered year: Provided further, That all judges for the courts of the several judicial districts holding office at the present time, whose terms of office may end in an odd-numbered year, shall continue to hold their offices until the first Monday of January in the next succeeding even-numbered year.

A true copy of Concurrent Resolution No. 3.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Four.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, relating to taxation.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section one of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"All taxes shall be uniform, upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity," so as to read as follows:

All taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws, and the subjects of taxation may be classified for the purpose of laying graded or progressive taxes; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 4.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Number Five.

A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania.

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Section 2. Amend section three of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which reads as follows:

"All taxes shall be uniform, upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity," so as to read as follows:

All taxes shall be uniform upon the same class of subjects, within the territorial limits of the authority levying the tax, and shall be levied and collected under general laws, and the subjects of taxation may be classified for the purpose of laying graded or progressive taxes; but the General Assembly may, by general laws, exempt from taxation public property used for public purposes, actual places of religious worship, places of burial not used or held for private or corporate profit, and institutions of purely public charity.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 5.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:—

Article IX.

Section 15. No obligations which have been heretofore issued, or which may hereafter be issued, by any county or municipality, other than Philadelphia, to provide for the construction or acquisition of waterworks, subways, underground railways or street railways, or the appurtenances thereof, shall be considered as a debt of a municipality, within the meaning of section eight of article nine of the Constitution of Pennsylvania or of this amendment, if the net revenue derived from said property for a period of five years, either before or after the acquisition thereof, or, where the same is constructed by the county or municipality, after the completion thereof, shall have been sufficient to pay interest and sinking-fund charges during said period upon said obligations, or if the said obligations shall be secured by liens upon the respective properties, and shall impose no municipal liability. Where municipalities or counties shall issue obligations to provide for the construction of property, as herein provided, said municipalities or counties may also issue obligations to provide for the interest and sinking-fund charges accruing thereon until said properties shall have been completed and in operation for a period of one year; and said municipalities and counties shall not be required to levy a tax to pay said interest and sinking-fund charges, as required by section ten of article [illegible] of Pennsylvania, until after said properties shall have been operated by said counties or municipalities during said period of one year. Any of the said municipalities or counties may incur indebtedness in excess of seven per centum, and not exceeding ten per centum, of the assessed valuation of the taxable property therein, if said increase of indebtedness shall have been assented to by three-fifths of the electors voting at a public election, in such manner as shall be provided by law.

A true copy of Joint Resolution No. 6.

ROBERT McAFEE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Foster's Negro Melodies.

"For a period of thirty years or so," says the Musical America, "Stephen Collins Foster was so far ahead of all competitors as the most popular American composer that the others were scarcely in sight. While we know little enough about a great many of his melodies today, such songs as 'The Old Folks at Home,' 'My Old Kentucky Home,' 'Old Uncle Ned' and 'Massa's In the Cold, Cold Ground' have sunk deeper and more permanently into the American heart than any other songs ever written in America. For a better understanding of Foster it is well to remember that his melodies had nothing whatsoever to do with negro melodies, the composer's models being the great melodists of the old world—Mozart, Beethoven, Handel. The fact that his songs formed the piece de resistance of negro minstrelsy and therefore in general drew their poetic subject matter from negro life is responsible for the legend, so hard to kill, that his melodies were derived from negro songs."

Hat Island's Unique Rookery.

Hat Island, in the Great Salt lake, Utah, is probably the most unique rookery in the world, as well as one of the most densely populated. The island contains about twelve acres, and on a rocky pinnacle a hundred feet above the brine, with not a drop of fresh water to be found and where there is nothing to excite the cupidity or commercial instinct of man, the birds—gulls, pelicans, herons and cormorants by the thousand—make their home. The island can be seen at a distance of ten miles, rising like a "cocked hat" out of the sapphire of the inland sea. The birds are utterly fearless. Protected as they are by the laws of the state, they have had little cause to fear man and his death dealing weapons. It is necessary to use the greatest care to avoid stepping on the nests and eggs of the tens of thousands of sea fowl that have established their rookeries on the islet.—Argonaut.

A Change of Front.

The famous surgeon, the late Dr. William Bull of New York, once asked Dr. Osler to join him in a drive through the park in his gig. On one of the upper reaches of the drive the horse grew restive, rearing and pawing in a spirited way that Dr. Bull was familiar with and not the least afraid of.

"Gently—go gently, William!" said Dr. Osler. "Don't irritate him. Always soothe your horse, William. And I think you will do better without me on the seat. Pray let me down."

When Dr. Osler was once safely landed on the ground, however, he said: "Now, William, touch him up. Never let a horse get the better of you. Touch him up, conquer him, don't spare him. And now, William, I'll leave you to manage him. I'll walk back," concluded the man willing to oslerize anybody else.—New York Tribune.

How to Sell a Cow.

A Scotch dealer at Clones fair was asked by a countryman to do him a favor. "You see that woman," said he, pointing to a woman. "Well, I've offered her five pounds ten for her cow, but she won't sell. Now, if you, a stranger, should offer her five pounds fifteen she would sell, but would not sell to me for that. Will you be kind enough to take this half crown and bind the bargain with it, and I will then pay the money and take the cow?" The good natured cattle dealer effected the purchase as requested and then turned to find the countryman, but the latter was gone. He was forced to take the cow himself and pay for her, though she was not worth half the money he had thus bid to oblige the missing countryman. It was afterward ascertained that the woman was the countryman's wife.

One Hundred Varieties of Marble.

Although Vermont occupies only a small space on the map when compared with the great area of some of the other states of the Union, yet its mineral resources are very important. This little state leads the world in the production of marble and granite, and the deposits apparently are inexhaustible. The greatest center of the marble industry of the world is in the vicinity of Rutland, Vt., particularly at Proctor and West Rutland, while the greatest center of the granite industry of the world is in and around Barre and Hardwick, Vt.

Although twenty-six states furnish marble, Vermont supplies about 70 per cent of the finer grades suitable for monumental work and statuary. This state furnishes 41 per cent of all the building marble used in this country, and the demand for this kind of stone is increasing. There are about a hundred varieties of marble quarried in Vermont, ranging from the purest white, suitable for statuary, to jet black.—Walter H. Crockett in National Magazine.

Seventeenth Century Civility.

If the seventeenth century Englishman failed in his manners it was not for want of instruction. "The Rules of Civility," a book published in 1675, contains the following hints on good behavior: "Being in discourse with a man, 'tis no less than ridiculous to pull him by the Buttons, to play with the Bandstrings, Belt or Cloak; or to punch him now and then on the Stomach: 'tis a pleasant sight, and well worthy of laughter, to see him that is so puncht, fall back, and retire; whilst the other, insensible of his absurdity, pursues and presses him into some corner, where he is at last glad to cry quarter, before his comrade perceives he is in danger." And again: "It argues neglect, and to undervalue a man, to sleep when he is discoursing or reading; therefore good manners command it to be forbid; besides, something there may happen in the act that may offend, as snoring, sweating, gasping or dribbling."

Somersault by Aeroplane.

Captain Aubry of the French army accomplished a complete somersault while aboard an aeroplane high above the earth. "I was returning after a thirty-five minute flight," the captain said, "facing a wind of about twenty-two miles per hour. My altitude was about 2,500 feet. At the moment of descent a series of violent gusts struck the machine. As I dipped the nose of the machine a couple of quick gusts struck the top of the main planes and placed me in a vertical position. While endeavoring to manipulate the elevator I found the machine had taken me in a perfectly vertical chute to less than 1,500 feet. It here adopted a horizontal attitude upside down and proceeded to effect a tail first volplane." Continuing, he said: "The machine then gradually took up the vertical position again, describing a gigantic 'S' while doing so. Flattening out, I flew to a spot about two miles distant."

Corrected the Inspector.

In a police court an inspector was giving evidence of the arrest of the prisoner. "I went to No. 27," he said importantly, in a dignified staccato fashion that came from long practice, "where I saw the prisoner in bed. I said, 'I have a warrant for your arrest for burglariously entering the premises at'"— and so on. At the end of the inspector's evidence the magistrate asked the prisoner, "Any questions?" "Yes, sir," said the prisoner, and he intimated that the inspector had not given his evidence correctly. "I'm sure," he said, "Mr. Jackson," the inspector, "don't want to say only what is true. Didn't you come to my room," turning to the inspector, "and say, 'Now, then, Ginger, 'op out of it—I want yer?'"—London Mail.

Iron Mold Stains.

Iron mold stains spread in any fabric they come in contact with in the wash. To remove them stretch the stained part over a basin nearly full of boiling water so that the steam may penetrate the fabric and apply with a feather a teaspoonful of salt dissolved in a dessertspoonful of lemon juice. When the marks disappear dip the material well into the hot water; afterward rinse very thoroughly in cold water.—Exchange.

In the Same Boat.

"Sir, could you give me a little assistance?" said the weary wayfarer. "I don't know where my next meal is coming from."

"Neither do I," replied the prosperous looking individual. "My cook left this morning too."—New York Globe.

Thumbs Down.

The turning down of the thumbs in the old Roman games did not signify death. There was no such sign. To signify that the spectators desired the death of the vanquished gladiator the fist, with the thumb hidden inside it, was turned down.

A Face and an Offense.

Captain—If I see your face in my house again I shall slap it. Noble Foreigner—Ah, but it ees a punishable offense! Captain—Of course it is. That is why I want to slap it.—Judge.

Quaint Description.

Little Elsie, sitting in a street car opposite a man with twitching eyelids, whispered to her mother, "Mamma, that poor man has the hiccups in his eyes."—Boston Transcript.

The most delicate, the most sensible of all pleasures, consists in promoting the pleasures of others.—La Bruyere.

THE REPUBLICAN.

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REPUBLICAN COUNTY TICKET.

For Jury Commissioner,
John D. Decker, of Potter Twp.

For Coroner,
Dr. S. M. Huff, of Milesburg Boro.

Beats all how the Democratic tariff revision law is increasing wages and reducing the cost of living. Last Saturday butter and eggs sold at 35c, sausage was 22c, and everything else commanded prices correspondingly high. Anybody whose wages have been increased since President Wilson signed the new tariff law will please stand up and be counted.

Oscar Underwood, the man who steered President Wilson's tariff bill through the House, and who is now a candidate for the Senate, stated in an interview that there were numerous illustrations of how the new tariff law would help people in the United States. He cited the fact that persons here would be able to buy imported suits for $45 instead of about $55 because of a reduction of approximately $10 in duties. What Mr. Underwood overlooked, or cleverly refrained from explaining, is this: How about the American manufacturers and tailors who are put out of jobs or on half-time by the importation of suits made in Germany? Cutting down the cost of imported goods will not help the people of this country one bit when unfair competition reduces the opportunity for Americans to command high wages. Levying an income tax will help the treasury at Washington, but an income tax will not help American workingmen to complete with an under-paid foreign labor.

SPIRIT THAT WINS.

The two thousand or more students at The Pennsylvania State College on Sunday gave an exhibition of College spirit—boosting, you might call it—that speaks well for the student body. To the surprise of all, the Penn State football team suffered a crushing defeat at the hands of Washington & Jefferson. When the Penn State students at home received the news from the football field they were filled with dismay. Nevertheless, this big army of young men knew that the ones who most keenly felt the sting of disappointment were the members of the defeated team. The common order of things is to welcome home the victorious, whereas vanquished teams have found it more comforting to arrive home in the sheltering shades of night. Not so with the vanquished team returning Sunday to Penn State. Two thousand or more students lined the street on either side and welcomed home the team with as much spirit and vigor as if they were victors. It was notice from the student body that one defeat should not spell disaster for an entire season, that one defeat had not shaken the confidence in the team. This is the winning spirit. Penn State's eleven has taken a wonderful brace this week, and no one thing is more responsible than last Sunday's glorious welcome home when a welcome seemed to be about the last thing in the world the players were banking on. Penn State will face Harvard next Saturday. She may not win, for Harvard is touted as one of the two strongest elevens on the gridiron this year, but win or lose Penn State will enter the game knowing that back home the boys are there with the right spirit. A defeat such as that at the hands of W. & J., because of the splendid spirit awakened at Penn State, may be said to have carried with it a blessing in disguise.

State of Ohio, city of Toledo, } ss.
Lucas County }

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY, & CO., Toledo, Ohio
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation

Under Tortoise Hill

A Tale of the Three Cities

By CLARISSA MACKIE

At that point where the River Han empties into the great Yangtzekiang are the Three Cities, each crouching behind its high wall. On the south bank of the Yangtze is Wuchang. On the north bank of the river and separated by the busy little Han are Hanyang and Hankow. Along the river front at the lower end of the city of Hankow are situated the foreign concessions, with their protecting warships in the stream.

There is a saying that whatever evil is plotted in one city finds effect in the second and is avenged in the third of the Three Cities.

It remained for Cecil Rollins, English agent at Hankow, and his American friend, G. P. Bardwell of Shanghai, to discover the truth of this adage.

This story might never have been written if Rollins had not kicked his Chinese caddie one September day out on the Hankow golf course.

Of course Lan Ping had been often kicked by various masters, for he openly invited chastisement by his idleness and stupidity. Today he had failed to retrieve Rollins' ball when the sphere had sailed out of bounds, and only the aforementioned kick had aroused him from a squinting stare at the smoke hanging over the arsenal.

Instantly, as though the kick had actually impelled him in the proper direction, Lan Ping trotted after the ball.

"Idjot!" fumed Rollins impatiently.

"What else can you expect from a cross eyed Chinese?" yawned G. P. Bardwell.

Rollins lifted a blond eyebrow. "I'm not superstitious that way," he grunted.

"Fact, combined with what is simmering yonder." Bardell nodded toward the city.

"Simmering? Well, it's rotten hot out here, too!" ejaculated the Briton.

"I don't mean that sort of heat. Your caddie is more absorbed in watching for the broth to bubble over than he is in chasing your golf balls."

"What broth?"

"The revolutionary kind."

"Bah! Do you believe that rubbish? I had the notion you had lived in China long enough to take these local theatricals at their face value."

"I do. That's why I'm here now. Do you know, Rollins, I've more than a smattering of the language, and during the week I've been here in Hankow I've heard things. Man, things are going to happen right now—right here!"

"Eh? What? When? Blankety blank!" As these words exploded off Rollins' tongue he glared down at the lean and yellow hand that insinuated itself at his elbow. The yellow hand held the missing golf ball.

Even the self contained Bardwell looked disturbed when he realized that Lan Ping might have been standing there unseen for several minutes, long enough to absorb the meaning of what the foreigners had said. Not that much had been said on either side, only there are times when even a faint interest in secret affairs is highly imprudent.

This was one of the times, for China was on the eve of turning over and awakening from her long sleep.

The smoke hanging over the arsenal where half naked men worked day and night might be one indication of the stirring of the ancient empire.

The sun was setting and the gray of early twilight had clouded the golf course when the two friends gathered up their clubs and moved toward the stables.

"China never will wake up," yawned Cecil Rollins as he looked around for a Chinese to fetch his horse, but the stables were deserted, even to the very horses, as was proved when the two men looked inside.

"This is a bally fix!" growled Rollins.

"Lan Ping, of course," was Bardwell's comment. "Come along, Rollins. We'll have to foot it in."

The two men left the clubhouse and went down the road that led to the city. Off to the northwest where the railroad turned to the north there was a strange confusion of sounds. They had yet to learn that the first note of the revolution had been sounded. The locomotive whose shriek they had heard a short while before had found torn up tracks and met disaster beyond the city walls. Rebels were rejoicing over the wreck of the passenger train and the many victims of the catastrophe.

Darkness had settled over the road. Here and there a lamp swinging from its wooden post cast a feeble radius of light.

Halfway down the road there crossed another road at right angles. This road, leading to Hanyang by devious ways, was darker than the road to the golf course. Just as they reached the junction of the two roads something happened.

Dark forms came hurling out of the Hanyang road and enveloped the two foreigners in a writhing mass of arms and legs and dodging heads, and when the confusion was over Cecil Rollins was gagged and bound in a sedan chair, while G. P. Bardwell, in the same helpless condition, occupied another chair.

From his uncomfortable position in the chair, swinging along under the heaving shoulders of four bearers, Bardwell twisted his head until he could peer out through a crack in the door and see where they were being taken by their captives.

At last when Cecil Rollins and Bardwell, freed from their bonds, faced each other once more it was in a tiny stone cell, stifling hot and with but one visible aperture—a small window set high in one wall. From a lantern hanging outside this window there shot a ray of red light into the darkness of the cell.

"Rollins?" asked G. P. Bardwell doubtfully, and he was relieved to hear the Briton's affirmative.

"How did it happen?" asked Rollins.

"Lan Ping, of course, and the bubbling of the revolution pot," was Bardwell's disgusted reply.

"Of course we must get out of this. You know we can't let them boil us in oil or anything of that sort," said Rollins. "You take one side of this cell and I'll take the other, Bardwell."

"Wait a bit," said the other cautiously. "If you've got any plans to discuss you might exercise your German, eh?"

Rollins appeared to think so, too, for after that they conversed in German.

"First, let me repeat to you an ancient saying of the Three Cities," said Bardwell to his friend, and thereupon he related the adage that declares whatever evil is plotted in one city finds effect in the second and is avenged in the third.

"Our capture was plotted in Hankow. We are imprisoned in Hanyang. Our rescue must lie in Wuchang, across the big river. Let us get out of this and try to get across to Wuchang. I know a chap in the mission there—John Hildreth. He will take care of us."

They solemnly shook hands over the resolution, and then they examined the cell for a means of exit. There was none save the wooden door, which appeared to be fastened from without by a wooden bolt.

Bardwell brought forth matches and deliberately proceeded to set fire to the ancient door where it was latched. After repeated attempts the worm eaten wood ignited and burned slowly, giving forth an acrid smoke that soon filled the little cell, but the wood burned sullenly until there was a charred spot that Bardwell could break away with his fist. The rotting bolt went with it and the door swung open.

In the corridor Rollins stumbled over their bags of golf clubs, and with an exclamation of delight he thrust two of the iron headed sticks in Bardwell's hands and kept two himself.

"Right ahead," was Bardwell's advice, and so they forced themselves away from the smoke that hid their escape. The corridor turned and twisted, and from rocky walls on either side their hands encountered earth that narrowed down to a three foot hole in the ground. Crawling through this aperture, they found themselves outside the walls of Hanyang, with Tortoise hill looming above them.

"Cut around to the right! Follow the wall to the river front! Use your clubs!" were Bardwell's directions. And Rollins followed them to the letter. They met only two Chinamen, and both went down into the water filled ditch under the sharp blows of the iron clubs.

Panting for breath, they reached a flight of greasy stone steps. At the foot of these were a number of sampans. In a moment they had entered one and were putting forth across the river toward the Wuchang shore.

In the middle of the stream they paused and looked back at the two cities. From the direction of the railway there came the sound of firing, and the red scourge of fire was licking the outskirts of the cities.

Over on the Wuchang shore the river front was alive with people watching the flames, and from within the ancient capital of Hupeh province there came a restless murmur, as of countless people running to and fro in fear as the rebels pillaged the city. The firing of Hankow had been the signal.

The sampan drifted down the middle of the stream, plainly visible to the watchers on shore. But who was interested in fishermen tonight when the world was being made over? Not the people of the Three Cities.

It was long after midnight when the watch of the man-of-war Dillworth spied a sampan bobbing along under the counter of the big vessel. A sharp hail was satisfactorily answered. A ladder went over the side, and presently two much bedraggled men, clinging affectionately to several golf clubs, arrived on deck, where they were immediately escorted to the officers' quarters.

At dawn as they turned into the berths provided by the hospitable British officers, bathed, fed and clothed and in a contented frame of mind, Cecil Rollins remarked to his American friend:

"By the way, Bardwell, old man, I thought you quoted a proverb—something about evil plotted in one city finds effect in the second and is avenged in the third. Now, where do we come in? How about the third city?"

But G. P. Bardwell, unable to explain the fallacious prophecy and entirely thankful for his rescue from a Chinese mob, merely turned over in bed and grunted:

"It's just an American joke, Rollins."

"That's just what I thought," murmured Cecil Rollins, with evident relief, "but," he added thoughtfully as he looked at his bruised wrists, "I fancy the next time I kick a Chinese caddie—why, I won't, don't you know."

And he had a quiet laugh all to himself.

The Gates of Paradise.

Once in a year and at one place in the world there is a crush that surpasses anything else of its kind in the world. It is the great fair of Bawn Farid, which is annually held in the town of Pak Pattan, in British India. It is held in honor of the famous St. Farid ud Din, surnamed Shakar Ganj, or sugar store, from the fact that his body had become so pure by continual fasting that whatever was put into his mouth, even earth and stones, was instantly changed into sugar. The principal ceremony consists of passing through an opening made in a wall adjoining the shrine measuring 5 by 2½ feet and always fervently called "the gates of paradise." Whoever between noon and night is able to pass through this opening is assured of paradise, and when there are 50,000 striving to pass through at the same time the crush is something terrific. Women faint, bones are broken, and the heat is stifling.

No Team Work In France.

The French nation is a mass of individual particles, scintillating, assertive—strangers to all the ethics of cohesion. They are incapable of team work, writes Samuel P. Orth in the Atlantic. You never read of French football or baseball or organized sports. They are a nation of individualists, brilliant individualists. Their philosophy, poetry, art, music, science, literature, all bear the imprint of a superindividualism that has filled the world with its radiance. They defy every known law of human gravitation and fly off in a million fragments, careless of results. In truth, they never think of results. They have the child's love for the doing and the child's scorn for the thing done. They begin more procecsses, inventions, contrivances, experiments, and end fewer than all the rest of Europe put together. The French propose; the Germans and the English dispose.

Magnetized by Booth.

The late Bishop Potter of the Episcopal church and Edwin Booth, the actor, were very great friends, and the bishop, in telling of his first meeting with Mr. Booth, said: "I was preaching a sermon at Newport, R. I., and it was a very hot summer's day. The door of the church was open, and I noticed a gentleman get up from a rear pew and go and sit down on the door step, but thought nothing of it until after awhile I realized that I was talking to this man only. When the services were over I found out that he was Edwin Booth—that I by some unknown influence had been drawn to speak to him—as if my sermon was to him alone."

Opera House Attractions.

Manager Garman has booked the following attractions for Garman's Opera House:

"A Butterfly on the Wheel" is billed for tonight, October 23d. One of the authors is said to be a member of the British Parliament. Much of the interest in the trial scene in the play is due to his knowledge of the law and the conduct of the court, coupled with his skill as a playright.

"A Royal Slave" is booked for Wednesday evening, October 29th. This is represented to be a charming story of the sunny South, with Walter Hubbell as "Aguila", the slave. The play is announced to be well staged and the company is said to be exceptionally strong. Prices, 25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Edison's Talking Pictures will be exhibited October 31st and November 1st. There will be a matinee on Saturday afternoon, Nov. 1, at 2.30 o'clock. Complete change for each exhibition. Prices 25, 35 and 50c. Special prices for school children.

Soothes itching skin. Heals cuts or burns without a scar. Cures piles, eczema salt rheum, any itching. Doan's Ointment. Your druggist sells it.

Mrs. J. H. Crouse Dead.

Mrs. J. Hall Crouse died rather suddenly on Sunday night, shortly after midnight, at her late home at Aaronsburg. She had retired for the night in apparent good health, but was taken ill with congestion of the lungs and passed away despite the efforts of a physician who was hastily summoned. Deceased was aged 42 years and was the daughter of the late Captain J. D. McClintock, of Lock Haven. Surviving are her husband and one daughter, Ruth, and one son, Harry, also her mother, Mrs. J. D. McClintock, of Lock Haven, and these brothers and sisters: Mrs. Albert Curvin, Flemington; Roy, of Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. John Campbell, W. D., and Earl, all of Lock Haven. Funeral services were held today from the late home at Aaronsburg.

Bellefonte Markets.

Corrected by the John Meese store

Eggs, per dozen	.32
Butter, per pound	.32

Bellefonte Grain Market.

Corrected by Gamble, Gheen & Co.

Wheat, white or mixed	.80
Wheat, red	.85
Corn, shelled (per bu.)	.75
Corn, ears, (per bu.)	.75
Oats, (per bu.)	.40
Rye, (per bu.)	.65
Barley, (per bu.)	.55
Buckwheat, (per bu.)	.50

Maps of Centre County

We have received a limited number of Wall Maps of Centre County, showing State Highways, County Roads Railroads & etc. We shall be glad to give them to our friends while they last. They cannot be sent by mail.

The First National Bank,

Bellefonte, Penna.

SPECIAL SALE OF COATS

The season for Coats is at hand and a splendid opportunity is before you. I have just received

$500 Worth of Ladies, Misses and Children's Coats

All sizes and colors, and of the very latest styles in New York. I will close out this fine selection of Coats at very reasonable prices.

This I am compelled to do to make room for more goods coming in. Call and inspect my stock, and you will go home satisfied. I also have a full line of

Ladies & Gents Furnishings Shoes and Sweater-Coats

And everything in ,fact,t o be found in a well stocked up-to-date store.

All Phone orders will receive prompt attention Commercial Phone.

JACOB BROOKS

Clarence - - - - - Penna.

The County at a Glance.

Howard.

Last Thursday Dr. Ball, of Lock Haven, was called into consultation with Dr. W. J. Kurtz at the home of Joseph Loder, who has been ill. The consultation of the physicians resulted in a decicion that he is suffering from a growth of the spleen.

W. B. Pletcher was a Bellefonte visitor on Monday.

Colonel John A. Woodward transacted business in Bellefonte on Monday.

Miss Pearl Pletcher entertained the Howard High School students with a taffy party a few evening ago. Those present included Misses Marguerite Kane, Edith Butler, Myrtle Pletcher, Miriam Solt, Mary Zeigler, Anna Boon, Hilda Wagner, Anna Leech, Flossy Confer, Aida Long, Zella Haines, Marguerite Butler, and George Foresman, Jason Snyder, George Pifer, Kline Wolf, Arthur Wensel, George Holter, Curtis Solt, Donald Gardner, Mark Robb, Donald Paul, Nevin Yearick, Clare Leathers and Russell Wagner.

Harry Leathers, wife and son, from Curwensville, are visiting with I. G. Lucas in Howard.

Those who took advantage of the recent excursion to Washington included Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Confer, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Tice, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Shay, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Yondes, Harry J. Bechdel, Miss Mary Reitner, Marius Miner, Mrs. Kate Bechdel, Mrs. William Weber, Mrs. Mary DeHass, Mrs. Claude Moore, W. H. Thompson, Miss Nannie Lucas, Blair Pletcher and Samuel Pletcher.

John Weber was a Bellefonte shopper on Monday.

Mrs. Sherman Holter returned on Wednesday to her home in Jenkins, Kentucky, being accompained by Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Holter.

Dain Sunbarger was painfully injured several days ago while hauling lumber. He was trying to climb onto a moving wagon and as he stepped upon the double-tree it slipped, throwing him to the ground. The wheels of the wagon passed over his hips.

Frats Put up Bars.

The Delta Upsilon fraternity in national convention at Rochester, N. Y., last week passed an amendment to its by-laws prohibiting the receiving into the fraternity after 1917 of any member of a high school or preparatory school fraternity.

Remember the name—Doan's—and "I suffered habitually from constipation. Doan's Regulets relieved and strengthened the bowels, so that they have been regular ever since."—A. E. Davis, grocer, Sulphur Springs, Tex.

Pine Grove Mills.

Hunters are plentiful, but game scarce, so far as heard from.

Comrade W. D. Port left his Marlin in the corner and is making a week's visit among friends in Altoona.

Henry L. Dale, who has charge of a large creamery establishment in Butler County, is home on a short leave of absence.

Mrs. Georgianna Musser Osman, with her bright little daughter Sallie, came over from Freeport, Illinois, to visit her grandmother Julia Musser, the oldest lady in this section, and who is quite frail in body and mentally.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hanawalt and Mr. and Mrs. James Cumings, of Belleville, enjoyed a drive over the mountain last week and spent several days visiting friends in the valley, paying a visit to State College and making a close inspection of the grounds and buildings. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Kimport over Sunday, and were perfectly delighted with the trip and also their visit.

N. E. Hess and wife motored to Bellefonte in their new Cadillac car early Sunday morning, and were storm-stayed until Monday morning, when they made the trip home.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered in the Presbyterian church next Sunday. Preparatory services Friday evening and Saturday morning.

The festival Saturday evening was a success socially and financially. The treasury of the Mite Society was enriched by about $60.

John and Hattie Stover are down from Altoona, looking over their old stamping ground of childhood days in the Branch.

Elmer Houtz is open for congratulations on the arrival of a nice little girl, now one week old. The little Miss some day can aid her father at the butcher block and also in making delicious sausage.

J. F. Sausserman last week purchased the C. D. Miller home at Rock Springs. The dicker has been on for some time, but now it has the O. K. of the executors of the Miller estate.

Next Saturday evening in the town hall two blind ladies will give a recital. There will be readings and music, vocal and instrumental. Miss Keebler and Miss Isbler are graduates of the Philadelphia School for the Blind. No doubt the entertainment will be helpful and interesting. Give them a full house.

Mrs. J. G. Bailey was called to Milton on Saturday to see her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Frank Bailey, who has been very near the border line for the past ten days. Two trained nurses and several physicians are attending her. At this writing she is slightly improved.

Homer and Ed. Decker and chum, Mr. Stinger, came up from Bellefonte and Sundayed at the J. A. Decker home.

Sheep dogs killed and mutilated a number of J. C. Homan's flock last Friday night.

Port Matilda.

Mrs. Martin McKelvey and baby, of Altoona, spent a few days last week with her sister, Mrs. A. B. Williams.

Miss Zenovia Miles left Sunday evening to attend the Baptist Convention at Chester.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Williams, of Altoona, Sundayed with the latter's mother Mrs. Elizabeth Lytle.

C. E. Woodring and B. E. Williams, of State College, drove over home Saturday evening, returning to the College Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Arch Irvin, of Bald Eagle, spent Sunday with friends in town.

Prof. H. C. Rothrock visited at his home in Boalsburg over Sunday.

Mrs. John Smith, of Vail, made a short visit with her mother, Mrs. Guyer this week.

Mrs. Susan Stine went to Unionville Sunday to spend some time with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. James Sharer and daughter, of Altoona, spent Sunday at A. J. Johnson's.

William Wills has moved his family to Tyrone. Dewey, the second son, who was quite ill when they left, is much improved.

Miss Della Lewis, of Huntingdon, is visiting relatives in this vicinity.

Mrs. Jane Little, of Tyrone, returned to her home Monday after spending a few days with friends near town.

Mrs. Wm. Bennett shopped in Tyrone Saturday.

Miss Florence Williams is visiting at her uncle's Ebenezer Williams, at Unionville.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Williams and Mrs. William Shultz motored to Fleming last Wednesday and spent the day at Harvey Hoover's.

Miss Beatrice Patton, who is employed in Tyrone, Sundayed at home.

Miss Lucy Smith, now teaching in Taylor Township, spent the week-end with her many friends here.

Miss Bess Peters, of Fillmore, is spending some time at the Shipley home.

Mt. Eagle.

William Gates is installing a sawmill on the Roland McCartney farm, planning to cut mine ties and anything else to be found.

While on a visit to Howard a few days ago Mrs. J. R. Pheasant was entertained at dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Wagner.

The handle factory is again running on full time. E. H. Leathers, the manager, was a business visitor in Bellefonte between trains a few days ago.

Mr. Cree, night despatcher in the Tyrone yards, spent last Thursday night at the home of his friend, Mr. Bitner, and family.

Miss Maude Thomas came over from Howard on Friday evening to look after her music class.

Miss Anna W. Deitz, a nurse-in-training at the Lock Haven hospital, spent last Wednesday evening here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Deitz.

Miss Ada Thomas visited a few days in Howard, returning on Friday and being accompanied by her cousin.

Mr. and Mrs. David Tanyer, from the ridges, were guests for supper on Sunday evening at the J. F. Deitz home.

Mrs. J. R. Pheasant spent Saturday in Bellefonte with her daughter, Mrs. Thomas Shaughnessy.

Mrs. Jefferson McCallion, of Howard, took supper on Sunday evening with her son, Al. Strickland.

Mrs. Minnemire, of Bellefonte, spent Sunday here with her mother, who has been on the sick list for some time and whose condition for some reason has not shown the improvement that had been hoped for.

Hayes Daughenbaugh, who is engaged with the concreting crew at Tyrone, returned to his duties there on Sunday evening.

Justice Leathers took in the excursion to Washington.

E. E. Heverly has purchased a new horse, expecting to do some sleighing this winter.

Marriage Licenses.

Register Frank C. Smith has issued the following marriage licenses:

George R. Brooks, Irene Oswalt,	Somerset Philipsburg
James M. Robinson, Leah D. Woodson,	Cleveland, O. Bellefonte
Mike J. Birostok, Elizabeth Miklus,	Munson Madison, N. J.
John Combe, Margaret M. Armstrong,	Philipsburg Winburn
Jesse Jordan, Alma E. Sampsel,	State College Axe Mann

Unionville.

Unionville Fire Company No. 1 on Monday received a brand, new hose cart, which has been greatly admired by all who have seen it. The company is now fully equipped with hose and everything else essential to fighting fires. Joseph P. Stere is fire chief.

H. D. Lindemuth has got his automobile in good running order again.

Miss A. Blair departed for Philadelphia on Sunday and expects to remain there a few days before going to Florida.

William Morrison suffered a paralytic stroke on Saturday evening of last week. He was unconscious for four hours, but at this writing he is somewhat improved.

The typhoid fever patients are all getting along nicely. No new cases are reported.

D. E. Fishers expect to finish their apple picking this week.

John Bright and Queen Victoria.

In the "Life of John Bright" the author relates that the great man's first visit to Queen Victoria was an ordeal, but it passed off well. The incident was described in a letter from Lord Granville to Mr. Gladstone in which the writer says:

The beginning of dinner was awful—the queen with a sick headache and shy—Princess Louise whispering unintelligibly in my ear and Lady Cliffden shouting ineffectually into the still more impenetrable receptacle of sound belonging to Charles Grey. Bright like a war horse champing his bit and dying to be at them. At last an allusion to children enabled me to tell Bright to repeat to her majesty his brother's observation, "Where, considering what charming things children were, all the queer old men came from." This amused the queen, and all went on merrily.

When Buzzards Are Helpless.

Some of nature's most active creatures show strange helplessness under certain conditions. Place a buzzard in a pen six or eight feet square entirely open at the top, and the bird will be as absolutely a prisoner as if it were hermetically sealed in the inclosure. This is because buzzards never begin a flight from the ground without starting on a run of three or four yards. If they cannot have that preliminary run they either cannot or will not attempt to fly, and so a buzzard will remain a prisoner for life in a jail with a wide open top.

So with the bumblebee. One of these lively insects dropped into a goblet or tumbler will remain there always unless taken out, because it never notices the means of escape at the top.—New York Sun.

Eating Your Meals.

A perfect digestion is the secret of the buoyancy and vitality of a really healthy man. The state of your body and mind at the time you partake of a meal are a big feature as to the ultimate good the food will do you. If physically and mentally tired always rest for at least ten minutes before eating. Bad temper is enough to give you indigestion, while cheerful company and interesting talk causes the muscles and juices of the stomach to work properly. It seems incredible that such ulterior forces should be of importance, but science will not be denied. Sooner than eat when not properly hungry, miss a meal. Never take food more than three times a day; use will soon accustom you to this habit. Take your meals in a well ventilated room.

Ehrlich and His Books.

Nobody ever dares disturb the systematic chaos of Professor Ehrlich's library. Once he lent a man some books and received others in return.

One day, long afterward, Ehrlich's books came back with a note from his friend, saying he had married, moved and cleaned up his library. Ehrlich replied: "I congratulate you on your marriage and thank you for sending back my books, but if you think that because you have moved and got married I am going to clear up my library and find your books, you are very much mistaken."—"Men Around the Kaiser."

Careless Wife.

Husband—Where is the hammer? Wife—You had it yesterday. Husband—I'm not asking where it was yesterday. Wife—You had it yesterday, and no one else has had it since. Husband—Huh! Well, if you had the least bit of consideration for my feelings you would have used that hammer for something or other after I had done with it, and then you would know where it is!—London Express.

Removing Labels.

To remove the label from a jar or bottle is often rather difficult. This method is always successful: Wet the label thoroughly and then hold it near a fire for a moment. The steam thus generated immediately acts on the paste or gum.

English Coins.

The sovereign, value 20 shillings, was first used in 1626. In 1600 the largest coin in general use in England was the noble, value 15 shillings.

Stored Rubber.

Two Russian scientists have decided that distilled water is the best preservative for rubber that has to be stored for a long time.

If we make the most of opportunities, opportunities will make the most of us.—Old Saying.

While They Last!

We are offering 5 cakes of Toilet Soap and a 25c. bottle of either "Rose Water and Glycerine", "Witch Hazel Cream" "Cucumber Cream", Lilac Water" or "Egg Shampoo" for 25 cents—

50c. Worth For 25c.

Come soon. they are selling fast—and it is a real bargain.

GREEN'S PHCY. CO.

The Rexall Store

An Ordinance.

Granting the Moshannon Electric Company, its successors, lessees and assigns, the right to construct, operate and maintain poles, wires, cables and fixtures, together with the necessary supports upon, over, along and under the streets, highways, footwalks, lanes and alleys of the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania.

Be it ordained and enacted, by the Town Council of the Borough of Bellefonte, County of Centre and State of Pennsylvania, and it is hereby ordained and enacted by the authority of the same:

SECTION 1. That the privilege be and is hereby granted to the Moshannon Electric Company, its successors, lessees and assigns, to construct, operate and maintain the necessary poles, wires, cables, conduits and fixtures, together with such necessary supports upon, over, along and under the streets, highways, footwalks, lanes and alleys of said Borough as may be necessary for the purpose of constructing, operating and maintaining its lines through the said Borough and to the places of business, works, manufacturing establishments, offices and houses of subscribers within the Borough limits adjacent thereto, subject to the conditions and regulations hereinafter contained.

SECTION 2. That the said Moshannon Electric Company shall replace the streets, highways, foot walks, lanes and alleys of said Borough upon which it may place any of its poles, conduits, lines or fixtures as aforesaid, in as good condition as they were before said poles and fixtures were erected thereon, and further, that all poles and fixtures as aforesaid shall be placed wherever practicable on alleys, and the location and erection of said poles and conduits shall be made under the direction and supervision of the Street Committee of the Council of the Borough aforesaid.

SECTION 3 That all poles erected under the provisions of this Ordinance shall be reasonably straight, painted and kept painted, and that no cross arms for the suspension of wires or cables shall be placed at a less distance than twenty feet from the grade of the street, unless by permission of said Council.

SECTION 4 The said Moshannon Electric Company shall pay a pole tax of twenty (20) cents per pole per year to the Borough of Bellefonte subject to such regulations as the Public Service Commission of this state may hereafter provide and the said Borough shall have the privilege free of charge to erect wires for fire and police purposes on the poles of the said Moshannon Electric Company.

SECTION 5 The said Moshannon Electric Company shall be liable for all damages by reason of erecting, operating and maintaining its plant in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

SECTION 6 The said Moshannon Electric Company shall be governed by all laws and legal ordinances of a general nature now in force or that may hereafter be enacted.

SECTION 7 The said Moshannon Electric Company shall, within thirty days after the passage and approval of this ordinance, file with the Secretary of Council its certificate of acceptance of all the terms, conditions and provisions of this ordinance; and that the said Company shall pay the expenses incident to the passage recording and publication thereof.

SECTION 8 That any ordinance or part of ordinance conflicting with the provisions of this ordinance be and the same is hereby repealed so far as the same conflicts with this ordinance.

Ordained and enacted into a law this 20th day of October A. D. 1913.

W. T. KELLY, Secretary of Council — HARRY KELLER, President of Council

Approved this 20th day of October A. D. 1913.

JNO. J. BOWER, Burgess.

Bellefonte, Pa. Oct. 20, 1913.

I hereby certify the foregoing to be a true and correct copy of an Ordinance passed by the Council of the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre County, Pennsylvania, on the 20th day of October A. D. 1913, and approved by the Burgess of the said Borough, on the 20th day of October A. D. 1913, granting the Moshannon Electric Company certain rights and privileges in the said Borough.

W. T. KELLY
Secretary of Council.

Court Proclamation!

Whereas the Honorable Ellis L. Orvis, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th. Judicial District, consisting of the county of Centre, having issued his precept, bearing date the 13th day of October 1913, to me directed for holding a Court of Common Pleas, Orphans' Court, Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the

FIRST MONDAY OF DECEMBER,

being the first day of December, 1913, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Coroner Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the first, with their records, inquisitions, examinations and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances, to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 20th day of October in the year of our Lord, 1913, and the one hundred and thirty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America.

ARTHUR B. LEE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Bellefonte, Pa. October 20th, 1913.

Auditor's Notice.

In the Matter of the Estate of Henry H. Fredericks, late of Harris Township, Centre County, Pennsylvania' Dec'd.

The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Centre County to make distribution of the balance shown to be in the hands of H. C. Rothrock, Accountant and Executor of &c. of said decedent, to and among those legally entitled to receive the same, will meet the parties interested, for the purpose of his appointment, on Saturday, Nov. 8, 1913, at 10 o'clock A. M., at his law offices in Temple Court, Bellefonte, Penn., when and where all parties interested are required to make and prove their claims or be forever debarred from coming in upon said fund.

10-16-3t. HARRY KELLER, Auditor.

Stormstown Couple Wedded.

At the Broad Avenue Methodist Episcopal parsonage 3016 Pine avenue, Altoona at 6 o'clock on Wednesday evening of last week, Rev. Gordon Arch Williams performed the ceremony that united in marriage Robert W. Burket and Miss Anna Myra Way, both of Stormstown. They were attended by Edgar Way, of 904 Seventeenth street, a brother of the bride, and at his home they were guests over night, returning to their home town on Thursday. Mr. Burket is a prosperous young merchant of Stormstown and his bride is the highly esteemed daughter of Thomas Way, a prominent citizen of Half Moon valley. Mr. and Mrs. Burket received the congratulations of many friends on their arrival at Stormstown.

Mr. Nearhoof Advanced.

James Nearhoof, former assistant ticket and freight agent at the Warriorsmark station, has been appointed agent at Dungarvin. He will assume his new duties on Monday of next week.

Penny-A-Word Column.

WANTED—White pine wood. Write or inquire of P. B. Crider & Son, Bellefonte, Pa.,

WANTED—Sober industrious young man to do dairy work. PARK VIEW DAIRY, Osceola Mills, Pa.

FOR RENT—Two houses in first-class condition one is 4 rooms, one 5 rooms. Inquire of Mrs. William L. Steele, Sr., Bellefonte, Pa.

WANTED—Experienced or young man to learn lunch business. Inquire, MOWRY'S CAFE. 6-19-3t Tyrone, Pa.

TEACHERS—I can give you some good bargains in reference books and dictionaries if you see me soon. E. J. WILLIAMS, Fleming Pa.

AGENTS—Either sex, to distribute free pkgs. Perfumed Laundry Starch. Good Pay. All or spare time. No money 539 Blumer Bldg. Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—Reliable, energetic man to sell Lubricating oils, greases and paints in Centre and adjacent counties. Salary or Commission. Doan Oil & Paint Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

FOR SALE—The Dr. W. W. Feidt property on High Street is offered for sale; desirable location; property in good condition; price reasonable. Inquire of Robert Cole, Architect, Bellefonte, Pa. 7-31-tf.

WONDERFUL AMAZING INVENTION:—Just out. Agents coining money. Lights the home brilliantly for one cent per night. Competent agents work into territorial managers quickly. Allen-Sparks Gas Light Co. Lansing, Mich.

BOOK-KEEPING—Special auditing an book-keeping by experienced book-keeper. Is in position to take charge of and keep a limited number of sets of books. Inquire of or address "Book-keeper," care "The Republican" office, Bellefonte, Pa.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania, on Wednesday, October 29, 1913, by Lyman W. Medes, John B. Meek and Peltiah P. Gotham, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for a charter of an intended corporation to be called State College Billiard & Bowling Company, the character and object of which is the letting, hiring, renting and use of billiard and pool tables, bowling alleys for the playing of innocent games and the sale of pipes, tobaccoes, cigars and confectioneries, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

10-2-3t, H. T. HALL, Solicitor.

CHARM IN WOMEN'S AUTUMN SUITS

It is often only a shade of difference that distinguishes the smartly dressed woman from the one wearing the usual stereotype clothes. That difference is most pronounced in favor of these suits, even though they are priced with the greatest moderation

SUITS at $10.00 of excellent serge diagonal and cheviot, in plain and two toned brown navy and black. The models are cut-away effect, lined with satin.

SUITS at $12.98 an unusually comprehensive collection of the favored cut-a-way style, plainly tailored or handsomely trimmed. Some have an inlay of velvet, others have a suggestion of satin piping on the back and reverse. All desirable weaves and colors, also black.

SUITS $15 up to $20 dashing suit of cheviot, serge, Bedford weaves diagonal and other fashionable rough effects, light weight and soft in finish. The models are plain tailored or cleverly trimmed with braids buttons and velvet

WOMEN'S SERGE DRESSES at $ 5.98, $7.00 and $9.98.

Models especially attractive in their new lines, new draperies and new arrangements of velvet, silk, buttons and braid. The serge is excellent quality, in navy, black, brown, taupe and copenhagen.

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Tabitha Interferes

"Things Are Not What They Seem"

By ADELAIDE BURNHAM

From her seat behind the parlor curtains Tabitha Campbell listened shamelessly to the words that young Frederick Lee was murmuring to pretty Agatha, her niece.

"It's my duty by a motherless girl," said Tabitha defiantly to her conscience, and she turned her good ear close to the curtains sagging against the open window.

"Tomorrow night, then," said Frederick with a long sigh of relief.

"Yes," assented Agatha timorously.

"At 11 o'clock. Surely?"

"Yes."

"I'll drive you to Milliton, and the minister there will"— His words drifted into an indistinct murmur as the wind rushed through the garden and stirred the syringa bushes.

Tabitha arose and went into the sitting room, where she blinked at the lighted lamp. She was a little, hard featured, black eyed woman with white hair and sprightly movements that made her appear even younger than her fifty years. Now her black eyes snapped with anger as she sat down in a rocking chair and picked up some knitting.

Agatha came in and locked the front door. When she appeared in the sitting room her blue eyes were very bright and a pink flush stained her usually pale cheeks.

"I thought I told you I wouldn't have Jacob Lee's boy running here," snapped Tabitha.

Agatha was silent.

"Has he got a job?" pursued Tabitha.

"Yes. I told you his father had taken him into the bank," replied Agatha spiritedly. "Frederick is—is—nice. I don't see why you dis dislike him so, Aunt Tab."

"I have my reasons."

"If you would only tell me, just tell me what it is you have against him. Aunt Tab, I might understand."

"It's all in the past," murmured Tabitha somewhat vaguely. Her cheeks reddened as if at some unpleasant memory.

"It's not fair to keep me in the dark, and I shall never believe one word against him unless you prove it, so there!" Agatha whirled out of the room and up the stairs into her own little room overhead.

What Agatha did not know was that once upon a time Tabitha had been a black eyed beauty engaged to marry Jacob Lee. But Jacob had proved a fickle lover, and when he took a bride to his home it was a handsome girl from Milliton who had money in her own right. That Jacob's wife died and left him with little Frederick three years after the marriage did not move Tabitha Campbell to pity. In the meantime her hair had whitened and her face grown sharp and peaked. Now she became the village dressmaker, and when Agatha came to live with her every one said how nice it was that Tabitha would not be alone.

Now Agatha was planning to elope with Frederick Lee.

Tabitha's eyes burned strangely in the darkness as she thought of these things.

The next day passed quietly, as usual. Tabitha sewed busily in her sharp, jerky way in the room devoted to her work. Several customers came and tried on garments and looked over the pile of fashion books on the table or examined the tissue paper patterns pinned on a tape along the wall. Agatha did the housework deftly and between whiles stitched on the sewing machine in the corner.

As evening drew near the two women became distinctly nervous. Tabitha cut Mrs. Demmet's gray cashmere into a three piece skirt by a twenty two inch waist pattern when Mrs. Demmet measured thirty-four inches and was proportionately massive. It was characteristic of Tabitha's mood that she first threw the mangled cashmere across the room with the scissors flying in its wake. Then she picked them up and, tucking the cashmere under her arm, went grimly forth to interview Mrs. Demmet.

When bedtime came Agatha came and placed her arms around Tabitha's neck. The astonished spinster did not move, but silently endured the embrace, and if there were tears in her hard eyes the girl did not see them. She went to the door and turned a wistful gaze on the older woman.

"I'm sorry you don't like him," she said painfully, and went slowly upstairs.

Tabitha put out the light and went silently about her preparations. She went upstairs and closed the door of her bedroom and then returned to the sitting room to envelop herself in a long gray cloak and tie a white chiffon veil over her face and hair. She slipped out of the side door and went across the grass to an opening in the boxwood hedge that bordered the garden. Standing outside there on the path in the shadow of the maple trees, she awaited the coming of Agatha's lover.

Clouds were drifting overhead, and now and then the moon peeped out. The little house lay in deep shadow.

Presently the church clock struck 11, and at the same instant came the sound of hoofs on the sandy road. A covered buggy came slowly along, and the horse stopped in front of Tabitha's gate.

In an instant she had reached the vehicle and had climbed into its dark interior. A man's startled voice uttered a sharp exclamation of surprise.

"Hurry!" whispered Tabitha. "Get away as fast as you can. She is coming after me."

"But"— began the familiar voice of Frederick Lee, and Tabitha hushed him desperately.

"Hurry, please hurry, or I shall go back!"

"All right. I suppose you know where you're going," said the man grimly.

"Milliton, of course," snapped Tabitha so sharply that he leaned down and tried to look into her face, but it was too dark to distinguish anything except the pale, cloudy outline of her veil.

He clucked to the horse, and they went noiselessly down the road on rubber tired wheels. At the crossing they turned into the Milliton highway.

Tabitha was somewhat disturbed at the success of her maneuver. She had planned to elope with Frederick Lee and at a convenient opportunity, perhaps in the very presence of the waiting minister, she would disclose her identity and "give Frederick a piece of her mind." Yet, somehow, in spite of her disguise and the darkness of the night, Frederick seemed suspicious of her. If he had been sure it was Agatha, the girl so soon to become his wife, would he not, being an ordinary young man, have placed his arm about her or at least saluted her with a kiss?

Out of the fullness of her own past romance Tabitha told herself he would have done all these things, yet there they sat speechless, slowly driving into Milliton to be married, or at least Frederick expected to be.

"Where are we going?" asked the man suddenly as they turned into a sparsely settled section on the outskirts of Milliton.

"Do you mean to say you don't know?" shrilled Tabitha through the folds of white chiffon.

"Of course not." His voice was indignant. "You're Tabitha Campbell's niece, aren't you?"

"I'm Miss Campbell," whispered Tabitha, a great fear clutching at her heart, for the voice was that of Frederick Lee, but it held deeper, richer notes. Perhaps Frederick's would reach that pitch some day if he lived long enough. There was only one other who could have spoken with that same intonation, and that other was Frederick's father.

"Well, Agatha Campbell," said Jacob Lee kindly, "what do you want? You asked me to carry you to Milliton, and when we arrive you will not tell me where you want to go. Now, there is something queer about this, and I'm going to take you back to Farmdale and straight to your aunt." He spoke with an air of authority and at the same moment turned the horse about and went back over the road they had traveled.

Tabitha sat crushed and stunned in the corner, shrinking away from her old lover. What would he say if he knew she—Tabitha—was there beside him? They rode together twenty-five years ago, and since then they had passed each other with averted faces. Swiftly they rolled along through the wooded way until a carriage approaching from the opposite direction caused them to turn aside into the thicket to permit the other vehicle to pass.

The other carriage struck a "Thank you ma'am," and a girlish shriek startled them. "Don't be afraid, Agatha," said Frederick's tender voice. Then they were gone.

After awhile Tabitha's companion spoke:

"That was my son's voice, and he was talking to Agatha Campbell," he said sternly. "Now, who are you?"

Tabitha stiffened. "I am Tabitha Campbell," she said haughtily.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the man.

They rode on in silence. When they were in front of Tabitha's cottage the driver let down the buggy top so that the moonlight fell on Tabitha's face. Gently he untied the white veil while she sat in frozen silence. When it had fallen about her shoulders in a swirling cloud he leaned forward, and she saw that it was indeed Jacob Lee.

"Tell me all about it, Tabitha," he said gently. "You are in trouble."

Tabitha caught her breath—why, it was all just as though the dreary years had not come between them. Jacob was speaking in his old authoritative tone.

She told him the story of the projected elopement.

"You mean—you mean that you were set against my boy?" he asked in a stunned tone.

Tabitha was silent.

"Well," he drew a deep breath, "if you've held resentment all these years, Tab, why, you must have cared, although somebody told me that you were tired of me. Well, that doesn't excuse me for what I did, but I've had years enough to think it all over and to be ashamed of the part I played."

Still Tabitha was silent.

"If you—why, perhaps you—Tabitha, do you still care after all these years?" How wonderfully tender was his voice!

"I don't know," quavered Tabitha, "but I've been so lonely, and it seems good for you to be here."

"Then it is all right, Tab," he cried gayly. His arm slipped around her, and she fell naturally into the curve of it. "We will have some happy years yet if God is willing. I guess we met Fred and Agatha in the woods. They must be married by this time. Shall we drive on to meet them and tell Fred how near he came to eloping with you?" He laughed softly.

"Yes, do," whispered Tabitha meekly. "And you can tell him I decided to elope with his father instead."

A Case of Alibi

It Was Very Hard to Prove

By EDWARD L. WALKER

When the war between the states closed more than a million men ceased to be soldiers. A man may be theoretically turned from a soldier to a citizen by the stroke of a pen, but the effects of the life he has lived as a campaigner will cling to him. He can't understand why houses should be locked overnight, and yet the ordinary dangers incurred in cities bother him. The humdrum of civil life is irksome to him, and he pines again for the varied scenes of war.

Sergeant Charlie Young of the —th Pennsylvania volunteer cavalry, having been mustered out of the military service of the United States, finding civilized life tame, irksome and altogether unbearable, concluded to go to what was then called the great American desert. He persuaded ex-Corporal William Somers of the same regiment and company to go with him. What they were to do in that benighted land neither of them knew, but the visions that danced in rainbow hues in their imaginations were alluring.

There was one feature on which they did not calculate. While they were soldiers they had been clothed and fed

THE PROSECUTING ATTORNEY PROTESTED.

by the government of the United States. Now they must clothe and feed themselves. They scraped together money enough to take them to "the plains," but when they got there they were obliged to shift for themselves. Then, and only then, their balloon collapsed.

A soldier is usually pictured by those who don't know him, except by his uniform and his arms, as a man of power. On the contrary, except to shoot and be shot at under the personal direction of his officers, he is as helpless as a child. Like a child, he will stuff himself with green apples unless caught in the act and prevented by his superior. He must be kept from straggling and the consequent danger of being killed or captured.

Our heroes, who had charged many a line of butternut Confederates without flinching, found themselves somewhere between Omaha and Denver without provisions or the wherewithal to buy the same. Somers broke down physically. Young, seeing a wagon train in the distance, left his friend on the plain, uncovered even by a tree, to head off the travelers and ask for assistance.

That was the last Somers saw of him for many a long day. Whether Young was obliged to go so far to reach the train that he could not find his way back to the point he had started from Somers didn't know. One thing he was sure of—Young had not intentionally deserted him. There was every reason to believe that Young, who had started but an hour before sunset, had on his return got caught in the darkness. But even in daylight it would be difficult for him to find his way to a point he could not see, for the country was a vast area marked by nothing. Even the Platte river, which runs through it, was barren of trees on its banks.

Somers passed a wretched night. Early the next morning a buffalo hunter, one of the last in the business, came along and, taking pity on the sick man, placed him on his horse and thus transported him to Julesburg, at that time the terminal of the Union Pacific railroad being built acrcoss the continent.

Six years passed. One day a long limbed man, bearing on his shoulder a pick and shovel, walked into a little mining town in the Rocky mountains. Passing a courthouse and seeing through an open door a person within evidently engaged in trying a case, the prospector, for such he was, entered and took a seat among the spectators, resting his pick and shovel on the floor and in the hollow of his arm.

A man was being tried for murder, and the prosecuting attorney was stating his case to the court:

"The last person, your honor, who was seen with the deceased was the prisoner. He came into town a stranger. No one in the place had seen him here before or knew anything about him. He was miserably dressed and in a generally rundown condition. He went directly to the home of Mathews, the murdered man. That was seven years ago, the spring of 1865. He took supper with Mathews and through a window was seen talking with him during the evening by a person whose evidence we shall produce. Another witness who lived next door is ready to swear that during the night he heard in the house in which the murder was committed cries of 'Help! Murder!' accompanied by other sounds such as would be uttered by one struggling with an enemy. Lastly, we shall prove that the prisoner is the identical man who stopped with Mathews that night and who disappeared as mysteriously as he had come."

Having thus announced what he intended to establish, he produced the witnesses he had promised. Three different persons who on that day preceding the murder had seen the stranger come into town and go to Mathews' house swore that the prisoner was the same person. They claimed that, notwithstanding a slight change in him, they would still know him if they had met him anywhere, because as soon as they were informed that he had committed a murder his image was impressed upon and since carried in their minds.

The prisoner's attorney seemed overwhelmed by this conclusive evidence and showed by his manner that he believed the prisoner guilty. When he had finished his effort the prisoner asked to be put on the stand in his own defense.

"I've spent the last four years, your honor," he said, "in New Mexico, having been a good deal of a wanderer since I came to this country; consequently I can't prove my identity. Besides, it wouldn't do any good to prove it, because the murderer had no identity. All I can say in my defense—and that I can't prove—is that in the spring of 1865, when this murder was committed, I was fighting for the United States in Virginia with Sheridan, who was cutting off the retreat of the Confederates. Quite likely I was engaged at Winchester at the very time the murder was committed. But I can only assert this. I have no way of proving it."

The jury and spectators were sympathizers with the Union cause and were affected by this defense. The prosecuting attorney in order to head off such sympathy arose and said:

"If the prisoner was really a soldier of the United States either he can produce his discharge papers or he was a deserter."

The prisoner's discharge papers were far away. Indeed, he had not seen them for years and didn't know where they were. He sat mute, not seeing any way to prove his innocence. The judge began his charge to the jury, virtually instructing them to find a verdict of guilty.

It was at this point that the man with the pick and shovel arose and said:

"Hello, Charlie!"

The prisoner looked at the speaker, but gave no sign of recognition.

"Did you strike that wagon train?" continued the man among the spectators.

"Who are you?" asked the prisoner.

"Bill Somers."

"Your honor," cried the prosecuting attorney, springing to his feet, "there is a game here to defeat justice. This fellow will doubtless identify the prisoner as an eminently respectable person."

"Nevertheless," retorted the prisoner's counsel, "I demand that if the man who calls himself Somers can throw any light on this case he be heard."

"Let the witness take the stand," said the judge.

Somers told the story of his and Young's coming west and how they had been separated on the plains; also that they had never met since that parting, that they had been soldiers in the same company at the close of the civil war and had fought shoulder to shoulder at the battle of Winchester.

"This is simply a made up story, your honor," the prosecuting attorney protested. "Neither of these men is known or has any proof of his identity. They are probably two horse thieves who have escaped the vigilance committees."

"If that man," said the witness, pointing to the prisoner, "is Charles Young, ex-sergeant of Company —, —th Pennsylvania volunteers, he has the scar of a minie ball that hit him in his side at the battle of Winchester."

"How do you know that?" asked the judge.

"Because I carried him off the field when he was struck."

"Pull up your shirt," said the judge to the prisoner.

The shirt was drawn up and the scar revealed.

The judge began again his charge to the jury, stating that an alibi had been proved and they were to acquit the prisoner. This they did before leaving their seats.

"What became of you, Charlie," asked Somers as they left the courtroom, "the day you left me on the plains?"

"I hunted two days for you, then concluded that some one had carried you away."

"You haven't had much luck, have you?" remarked Somers.

"Not a bit."

"Well, all's well that ends well. I've struck a rich vein."

And, putting his arm through that of his old friend, he led him away.

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An Indignant Farmer.

The Harrisburg "Telegraph," on Saturday published the following: Game Commissioner Kalbfus some days ago received an indignant letter from a Centre county farmer informing him that one of the State's herd of elk had devastated his cornfield and demanding $75 instanter as damages. A commission officer was sent to look into the matter and he found nary a hoof print of an elk.

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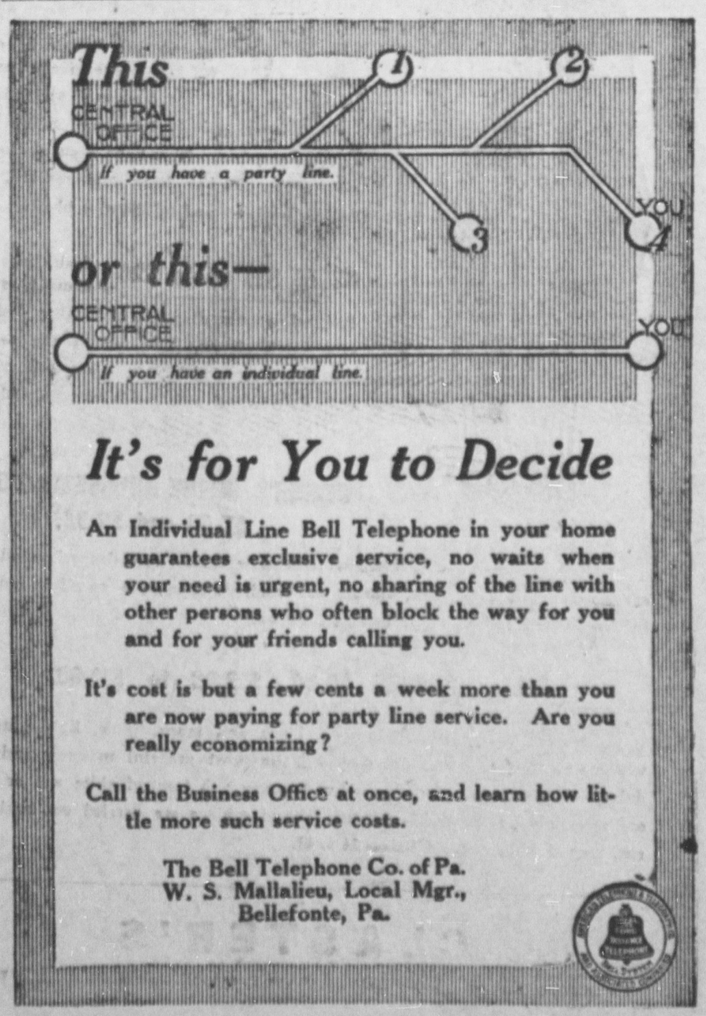

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Snatched From The Burning

An Old Time Romance

By F. A. MITCHEL

Carrie, my niece, has asked me to put the story of my life in writing. She says that it may save many a girl who is disposed to turn aside warnings of those who are older than she from yielding to a love which they can see is not for her good and may be for her ruin.

It is an old fashioned story, for it occurred in an old fashioned time and in an old fashioned country. The state where I was born—Georgia—was then a slave state, and conditions were adapted to that institution. There were three distinct classes—the planters, the poor whites and the negroes. My parents sprang from the poor white class, but my father was a very industrious man for one living in an enervating climate and accumulated enough means to buy a small plantation and a few negroes. Consequently I grew up between two classes. We were above the poor whites, but were not received by the planters.

It was said that at seventeen I was a beauty. Alas, no one would think it to see me now, a shriveled old woman with thin snow white hair. They did not tell me so, and I was unconscious of my good looks. Social life in those days was very different from what it is now. I suppose human nature is always the same, but it seems to me now that good persons—I refer to the higher classes—were better than now and the bad were worse. This was especially so with our young men. Many of them—most of them, I should say—were imbued with noble sentiments. With them to be a gentleman was to be honorable. But there were bad ones, who were especially unscrupulous in their dealings with women—men who regarded it the part of a gentleman to make a conquest even to the ruin of the object of his attentions. The atmosphere of that period has completely passed away, the good and the bad having been fused between the two. There are now few, if any, young men with the noble impulses of the typical gentleman of that day, nor are there any such evil characters as were portrayed by the novelists of that period.

It fell to my lot to be caught between two men who were representatives of these two classes. They were both gentlemen, the one of a kindly nature, who would consider that a mean or dishonorable act would not only disgrace him, but his family even back to generations long dead; the other without any conscience whatever.

When I was fifteen years old my father one day sent me with a note to Colonel Carroll, one of the wealthiest and most respected planters of our region. On the veranda sat a youth of about twenty at a table with books before him. He was Courtney Carroll, a recent graduate of the University of Virginia. As I ascended the steps he looked up at me and I saw admiration in his eyes. He rose and advanced to meet me, and I handed him the note. He called a negro, told him to take it to his father, and selecting a comfortable chair handed it to me. He refrained from his books while I waited, seeming to consider it incumbent upon him to entertain me while I waited for an answer to the note. Colonel Carroll brought it out to me himself and apologized for not sending one of his negroes with it, courteously thanking me for consenting to be its bearer.

Naturally I, a girl still in short dresses, was much impressed with so much consideration from such high grade persons. How remarkable that one whose father had but recently emerged from the poor white class should be an object of attention from those who owned a thousand slaves.

When I was seventeen years old I met another of the aristocrats of that day, who turned out to be the reverse of a Carroll. I was leaning on the fence of my father's plantation one day when a gay party of hunters came galloping by. They disappeared down the road, and presently a young man, also in the scarlet coat of a huntsman, came along and, reining up before me, asked me if I had seen the others. I told him they had just passed and if he rode on he would soon overtake them. But it was evident from the way his eyes were fixed on me that he was disposed to turn from the game he was pursuing to a different kind. I remember that my eyes dropped before his gaze and I felt a warmth in my cheeks.

This young man was Harry Du Bois, who had by the death of his father just come into possession of a large plantation. He asked me a number of questions, evidently for excuses to talk with me instead of riding on, and presently, on pretense of tightening his saddle girth, he dismounted and stood near me on the other side of the fence, chatting glibly and paying me compliments. This was the first time any one had told me that I was beautiful, and it gave me a thrill I shall never forget. It was the second time I had noticed admiration in a young gentleman's eyes, but young Carroll had not paid me a single compliment.

Since my visit to the Carroll plantation Courtney had dominated my thoughts, but now he was superseded by Harry Du Bois. The former seemed cold beside the latter. Besides, Carroll did not seek me, while Du Bois rode by our little plantation frequently and, if I was within hearing, would always stop to chat. These meetings were at once noticed by my dear parents, and I remember with pain their troubled looks whenever I had been talking with Du Bois. Then mother spoke to me about the matter, telling me that, when a gentleman became devoted to a girl beneath him in station only trouble would come of it. But I turned a deaf ear to what she said, so infatuated was I with the man who was charming me as a snake will charm a bird.

I can only refer without particularizing to the courtship. I have wondered since that at so tender an age I should have resisted one so persuasive. Perhaps this was due to the influence of my mother, who, if she could not induce me to break with my lover, at least convinced me that if he was sincere he would ask me to be his wife. So at last he did, but said that his mother, who was living, would not consent to the alliance. She was very feeble and could last but a short time. So Harry persuaded me to marry him clandestinely.

When I remember that I was to be made the victim of a mock marriage I realize how far I am now removed from that age. Such weddings were then a common method of victimizing innocent girls. Now they are unheard of. The little church where I met Du Bois is still standing, though the persons who worship in it are much changed. The ceremony was to take place at night, for I was pledged to keep it a secret from my parents. I remember that I passed through a severe mental struggle before I could bring myself to deceive them, but I tried to think of how proud they would be when I was acknowledged as the wife of a wealthy and aristocratic planter. Yet in my heart I knew that I did not confide in them, for they would surely prevent the marriage if they knew it was to take place.

It was near midnight when I got out of my window on to the veranda and descended by the limb of a magnolia tree that overhung it. I can see now in the moonlight the manor house, the negroes' white cabins flanking it, the double row of moss covered trees leading to the gate. I had scarcely reached it when Harry clasped me in his arms. My legs seemed about to give way beneath me, and he carried me to a two wheeled cart, placed me in it and drove me to the church. It was dark, the reflected light of the moon only shining from a pane of glass.

Some one opened a side door and I was led in, the moonlight streaming through gothic windows, to the chancel. There stood a clergyman in his vestments. A lamp such as is used to throw a light on a sermon alone was burning low. He turned it up, its light falling on a prayer book. Then he began to read the marriage service. He seemed to be unfamiliar with it and constantly stumbled. But so far as I was able to take cognizance of this I attributed it to haste. He came to the part where an opportunity is given to enter a protest against the marriage, when a voice from behind said:

"Don't make a noise, gentlemen. I got word of your scheme this afternoon. You talked too loud at the St. Leger tavern. On the young lady's account this affair must be kept quiet. Du Bois, you are a villain of the deepest dye. As for you, Markham, you are beneath contempt."

These words sounded in my ears as if they came from a distance. Others were spoken, but I don't remember them. Then the same voice spoke to me, the light fell for a moment on the speaker's features, and I saw Courtney Carroll.

"Will you permit me to get you home? I will try to do so without your return being known."

I knew now that I had been tricked and that I had been saved. I put my trembling hand on Carroll's arm and left the church with him. When I got home I was too weak to ascend to my room as I had come down from it, and Carroll climbed the magnolia, went into my room, stepped downstairs and opened the door for me. I reached my chamber without arousing any one.

The next morning I deferred going downstairs till all had breakfasted. When I entered the dining room, pale and trembling, Susan, the servant, said to me:

"Laws a-massy, Missy Alice, hab yo' hearn de awful news?"

"No. For heaven's sake, what is it?"

"Dis mawnin' about sun up Marse Courtney Carroll and Marse Harry Du Bois fit a duel, and Marse Carroll done got pretty nigh killed."

How I bore this second blow I cannot conceive. It took Susan but a moment to hurl the shaft, but the pain I suffered is with me today, an old woman.

Courtney Carroll lingered for several days, then died. Shortly before his death he sent for me to come to him. I was carried there in a benumbed state of feeling and received by his father. I can see to this day on his face the look of loving sympathy and distress at his approaching loss. He led, or rather supported, me to his son's chamber and left me there, all others having gone out at my arrival.

"Pardon my interference in your affair," he said. "Had I not known you were to be made a victim I would have left you to do as you liked. I have sent for you not only to apologize for my interference, but to confess to you that ever since your coming here two years ago I have been battling with a desire to become a suitor for your hand. Why I was deterred from doing so need not be mentioned. I was about to yield when I learned that Du Bois had stepped in before me. That is all. I preferred that you should know that I had more than an ordinary reason for becoming your champion."

Origin of Vaudeville Turns.

We are indebted to John Chinaman for the modern vaudeville "turn." There were theaters in China when our ancestors were wandering about dressed in skins and blue paint, and the actors in those faroff times were just as anxious to please their patrons as the modern "artist" is to get the applause which gladdens his heart and—more important still—sends his salary up. The play over, each member of the troupe came forward to receive the applause to which he thought he was entitled, and one of them hit on the bright idea of performing some simple trick to prolong the enthusiasm of the spectators. His example was speedily followed, and these tricks soon became obligatory. One actor would produce a cat or a monkey from a hat; another would imitate an animal or "swallow" an object which he afterward found in his boot. Each tried to surpass the other, and feats of strength and dexterity were soon added to these simple tricks.—Pearson's Weekly.

Quite a Run.

It's an overworked word, that poor little monosyllable "run."

"I found a run started in my best stockings this morning," said the woman, "so I thought I'd run downfown and go into ——'s, where they are having a great run on silk hose. They ran an advertisement in this morning's paper, you know. Well, I ran my eye over the bargains on the way down and I saw so many things I needed that I ran out of money before I got to the hose counter. Well, I'd run my legs off by that time, but I don't run a bill at ——'s, so I was in despair until who should I run into but my husband. I got some money of him—he's more generous than the general run of men—but when I got to the counter they'd run out of my size. Wasn't that a terrible run of luck?"

And so she ran on and on and on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Made In Manchester.

The gentleman came on the railway platform with a bicycle just as the train was about to leave for Manchester. He put the machine into the van. A ticket collector followed him to the compartment and asked if he had a ticket for the bicycle. He had not, and as the official on the step was writing out an "excess" receipt the train began to move, whereupon he came in and traveled to town. The gentleman who had made this trip compulsory engaged the collector in conversation and found that the man would have to cross Manchester to get a train home again. "Why," he said, "then you'll pass not far from my office. Would you mind taking this bag there for me? I should like to get out at the next station and come to town by a later train." The dazed collector meekly agreed. It was a fine example of how to collect "excess."—Manchester Guardian.

Painting Pictures on the Floor.

Albert Moore, the great artist whose works may be seen in the Tate and other public galleries, scorned the ordinary poses of the painter. He preferred his ease to an easel and painted all his great pictures, so dainty and charming, on the floor. His tubes of paint and his brushes and other accessories of his art were scattered about him, and he lay flat on his stomach, seldom remaining in one position five minutes at a time.

The celebrated painter of "Christ Leaving the Pretorium" and the illustrator of Milton and Dante, that strange genius, Gustave Dore, had the same habit. The floor was his easel whenever possible, and, as he was a stout, heavy man, he seldom rose to an upright position except for his meals, and not always then.—London Telegraph.

Edward Young's Tragedy.

In Garrick's time the church had a decided leaning toward the stage. The great actor suffered a plague of stage struck clergymen. He read many of their plays and produced at least one. The Rev. Edward Young of Welwyn parish and of "Night Thoughts" fame wrote a tragedy of "The Two Brothers," which Garrick produced. Its reception was a tragedy. It "was only fit to make an icehouse of a theater." Young, however, had counted his chickens. He had promised £1,000, the expected proceeds of his author's rights, to the Society For the Propagation of the Gospel. And here he shone. He dipped deeply into his private purse and made up the thousand.—London Chronicle.

Keep the Air Fresh.

Nothing causes chills more than hot, stuffy rooms. We often hear people complaining that they took cold when they came out into the night air. Yet it was not the night air which did the mischief, but the poisonous atmosphere in the room itself, due to the accumulated exhalations of many lungs, etc. Had the apartment been well ventilated the so called chill would never have occurred.—From "Nervous Breakdowns."

Treading the Grapes.

In the wine region of Spain the method of treading the grapes is everywhere about the same. The grapes are well spread out in the press, and barefooted men or men wearing sandals or wooden soled shoes tread them.

Truth Teller.

Marion—Did you ever receive a love letter? Adeline—Oh, yes! Marion—From whom did you receive it? Adeline—The postman.—Kansas City Star.

Ignorance is less distant from truth than prejudice.—Diderot.

When Freedom Shrieked.

It is much to be feared that the great Pole, Kosciusko, is known to most Americans simply from the line in a famous poem, "And Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell."

One might suppose that the hero fell in battle. In fact, he died serenely in Switzerland at seventy-one after failing to maintain the independence of Poland. His fall was political and military, but not physical.

It should be remembered that the great Pole was the most distingnished engineer officer in the armies commanded by Washington; that he fought and labored long and well for the patriot cause. It was he who laid out the defenses at West Point which Benedict Arnold tried to betray to the British, and in a sense the Military academy is a monument to him, for he lived to see it started on its glorious career.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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Good Comfortable Home

with all modern improvements, complete bath room, acetylene lights, hot air furnace, fine cellar, summer-house, chicken house, pig-pen, garage, gasoline tank, large stable, elegant garden, lot of fruit, nice side yard.

Lot 50 x 150 Feet

All buildings were roofed last fall with Cedar shingles and fitted with new rain spouts.

Also a 5-acre field that should go with his home—about 1000 yards from above mentioned property.

Also 1 brick building 45½x78ft, 2 story, suitable for carriage works, livery stable or for any manufacturing purposes. Above premises will be sold at a sacrifice price. Inquire of

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from the Pacific Coast (Not the Michigan White Cedar.)

On same terms and conditions we will furnish building material as low or lower than the mail order houses and you will keep your money circulating at home where you may get some of it back again in course of business.

We have for sale cheap, a lot of used Machinery, Engines, etc. Also shop-soiled Sash Doors, Moulding, etc. Come or write before buying elsewhere.

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Prepares for teaching, platform, stage. Cures stammering and other speech defects. English and Physical Culture. Send for prospectus.
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Central R. R. of Penna. Train Schedule.

Leave,
Bellefonte for Mill Hall, 7:05 A. M., 2:20 and 6:45 P. M.
Leave,
Mill Hall for Bellefonte, 8:37 A. M., 3:56 and 8:35 P. M.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. On and after Monday, Jan. 25th, 1904 trains will run as follows from the P. R. R. station.

TRAINS TO STATE COLLEGE.

	WESTWARD.	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M
Lv.	Bellefonte	‡ 6.30	‡ 10.15	‡ 2.00
	Coleville	6.35	10.0	2.07
	Morris	f 6.38	.....	f 2.12
	Stevens	f 6.43	.....	f 2.17
	Hunters Park	f 6.46	.....	f 2.21
	Fillmore	f 6.50	f 10.34	f 2.26
	Briarly	f 6.55	.....	f 2.33
	Waddles	7.00	10.45	2.36
	Krumrine	f 7.12	.....	f 2.56
	State College	7. 5	11.10	3.26
	Strubles	f 7. 7	.....	.....
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.31	.....	.....
	Pine Grove Mills	7.35	.....	3.40

* Daily. ‡ Daily except Sunday. "f" Stop flag

TRAINS FROM STATE COLLEGE.

	EASTWARD	2 A. M.		
Lv.	Pine Grove Mills	7.35		f 3.20
	Bloomsdorf	f 7.40		.....
	Strubles	f 7.45		3.30
	State College	8.00		f 5.08
	Krumrine	f 8.07		f 5.00
	Waddles			f 5.25
	Briarly	f		5.37
	Fillmore	f		f 5.35
	Hunters Park	f 8.31		f 5.40
	Stevens	f 8.35		f 5.43
	Morris	f 8.37	....	f 5.40
	Coleville	8.40	.....	f 5.56
A.	Bellefonte	8.50	.....	f 4.00

Morning trains from Montandon, Lewisburg, Williamsport Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 3 and 5 for State College. Trains from trains from Montandon, Lewisburg Williamsport, Lock Haven and Tyrone connect with train No. 5 for State College. Trains from State College connect with Penna. R. R. trains at Bellefonte to points east and west.

F. H. THOMAS, Supt.

FOLEY'S KIDNEY PILLS
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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Prevents hair falling.
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CHICHESTER S PILLS
THE DIAMOND BRAND.
Ladies! Ask your Druggist for Chi-chester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy of your Druggist. Ask for CHI-CHES-TER S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Here and There.

Mrs. Nora Shelden is ill and confined to her home.

H. C. Quigley was a business visitor to Spangler on Monday.

Mr. Pitcaren, of Cherry Tree, was a business visitor in town on Monday.

Mrs. Wesley Bicketts and son Philip, of Tyrone, are visiting in Bellefonte this week.

Miss Brockerhoff entertained at dinner on Monday evening, covers being laid for eight.

Charles Gallagher, of Philadelphia, is a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Noll.

Mrs. Agnes Moore, of Philadelphia, is in Bellefonte, visiting with her sister, Mrs. John Harrison, and friends.

D. A. Lafeaver, who has been engaged on State road repair work near Pine Grove Mills, is at present located at Clearfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Hunter have as guests over the week-end the Misses Hunter and Miss Virginia Thompson, of State College.

Mog Miller returned home last week from Philadelphia and New York, where he was a spectator at the world's series baseball games.

Darius Waite, Herbert F. Miller and Christ D. Young this week attended a conference of the United Brethren church, held at Tyrone.

David Spitler, one of our valued readers at Sandy Ridge, recently favored us with a letter enclosing a check to advance his subscription.

A. S. Fink of Mahaffey, arrived in town last week, expecting to spend the winter with his daughter, Mrs. J. L. Runkle, on High Street.

Mrs. Charles E. Dorworth and little daughter, Rebecca, returned home last Friday night after a ten days' visit to Philadelphia and Atlantic City.

Mrs. S. A. Saterfield returned home last week, after a very delightful visit of five weeks with friends in Pittsburgh, Sharon and other places in the western end of the State.

Lee Derstine, a former Bellefonte boy, who has been employed in Tyrone for some time past, is now engaged as a cake baker with J. W. Haller, at the Eagle Bakery, in Altoona.

Mrs. Clarence Starg is a guest of her father, James I. Thompson, of Centre Furnace, having motored to that place from Fort Dupont, Delaware, where her husband is stationed.

Mr. and Mrs. James Davis returned home on Saturday from their honeymoon tour and now are comfortably located in apartments at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Howard North, on High Street

Dr. John M. Keichline, a former Bellefonte boy, now practicing medicine in Petersburg, has been appointed State medical inspector for his home town, also for West Township, in Huntingdon.

The Bellefonte High School football eleven will play the Lewistown High School team, at Lewistown, on Saturday, next. On the following Saturday the Clearfield High School will play Bellefonte High School, at Bellefonte.

Miss Frances Emery, formerly of Philipsburg, after an extended visit with her aunt, Mrs. Scott Lose, on Allegheny Street, departed last Sunday morning for Pottstown where she has entered the Pottstown Hospital as a nurse-in-training.

Rev. Dr. A. M. Schmidt departed on Monday for Sunbury, where he is attending the sessions of the Eastern Synod of the Reformed church. He was accompanied as far as Williamsport by Mrs. Schmidt and son, William, the latter's mission being to have his eyes treated.

The "Rally Day" services in the Bellefonte Reformed church on Sunday were especially interesting. A feature was the splendid efforts of the various Sunday school classes in raising funds toward the support of the mission at Kashigaya, Japan. The church and Sunday school contribute $200 annually in maintaining the mission. The fund raised by the Sunday school, as announced last Sunday, amounted to $80 for the present year.

Miss Helen E. C. Overton, State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution, leaves on Saturday, next for the State conference to be held at Scranton next week. On Monday Mrs. Kathryn Dinges, of Bellefonte, and Mrs. E. E. Sparks, of State College, will go to Scranton as delegates, this being the first year delegates were elected to a State conference. Heretofore they have been a non-delegate body, elections of State officers taking place in Washington.

The Penn State football eleven encountered a surprise in last Saturday's game with Washington & Jefferson, losing out for the first time to that college. W. & J. produced a well generaled and well trained eleven and outplayed Penn State during the second half. Penn State's ends were unable to protect "Shorty" Miller and that fleet-footed player consequently failed to put up his usually sensational game. The score was 17—0. Next Saturday Penn State plays Harvard, and Coach Hollenbach is putting his boys through some strenuous training to make the best showing on the field at Cambridge.

D. Wagner Geiss was a business visitor to Pittsburgh this week.

Miss Helen Schaffer returned home on Sunday night from Columbia, where she enjoyed a week's visit with Mrs. Mullin.

After November 1st, Miss Bertha Laurie will make her home with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilmour, on East Linn Street.

Thomas K. Morris, of Pittsburgh, visited here over Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Morris, on East Linn Street.

Mrs. John N. Lane is visiting in Altoona with her daughter, Mrs. Robert Fay. Before returning home she will visit in Philadelphia with her son James, of Latonia.

Miss Lide Miller departed last Saturday for Atlantic City, where she has accepted a position as a teacher in the public schools.

Mrs. T. A. Shoemaker entertained at dinner and cards last Friday afternoon for Miss Blanche Henry and Mrs. Thomas her house guest.

Mrs. J. Allison Platts departed on Monday for New York State, after visiting here for ten days with Professor and Mrs. James R. Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. VanAustin, of Binghamton, N. Y., recently spent several days here with their son, who is a student at the Bellefonte Academy.

W. S. Mallalieu, local manager for The Bell Telephone Co., of Penna., attended a meeting of managers for his company at Harrisburg on Monday.

F. W. Crider returned home on Tuesday morning from Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Mrs. Crider will remain in Philadelphia for several weeks longer.

Mrs. Florence Dale and daughter, Miss Virginia, are now comfortably located in their new home, on Curtin Street. Jack Dale, a student at Penn State, visited with them over Sunday.

Miss Amy Foulk, of Williamsport, and Miss Runkle, of Centre Hall, were among the guests entertained over Sunday at the William Burnside cabin in Purdue mountain.

Mrs. A. B. Steele was a visitor to Williamsport last week, being in consultation with Dr. Haskins for treatment for her eyes. She returned home greatly encouraged with the prospects for improving her eyesight.

The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Club will be held on Monday evening, October 27th, at 7.30 o'clock, in the new High School building. A very important question will be presented, so that a large attendance is desired.

Telford Fink, son of former County Treasurer and Mrs. G. G. Fink, of Martha, and for several years an efficient member of the corps at the Potter-Hoy Hardware Co., has resigned his position with that firm to accept a more lucrative one with the Philipsburg Hardware Co. With Mrs. Fink and their little child he will move to Philipsburg about November 1st, to make that place their future home. Telford's many friends here will be sorry to see him leave, at the same time they rejoice with him in his advancement.

While Harry Taylor, Adams Express Co. agent, has been enjoying a well-earned vacation, his brother, Charley, has been managing the local office. Yesterday Charley and Mrs. Taylor moved to Bellwood, where they will make their future home and at which place he will have charge of the Adams Express Co. office. They were accompanied by Mrs. Taylor's brother, Harvey Gingher, who resigned his position at Frank Sasserman's barber shop on Monday. Harvey will follow his trade in a shop at Bellwood.

While the Academy lost out in a hard-fought game with the Indiana Normal eleven, on Hughes field, last Saturday, the Bellefonte High School team was more fortunate, defeating Lock Haven High School, 13—0. With a number of new and inexperienced men on the team the Academy has apparently not found its pace as yet, Saturday's game going to Indiana, 12—0. Through an unfortunate confusion of dates both games were scheduled for Bellefonte for the same day and both on the same field. The High School vs. Lock Haven game could not be played until after the Academy-Indiana contest was finished. Spectators who remained for the second game were well repaid, however, it proving to be fast and exciting. The local team put up a splendid game and deserved to win.

The present week is filled with interest and anticipation for the congregation of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Four evenings of this week are given to Group Cottage meetings; ten meetings in as many sections of the town each evening. Wednesday and Saturday evenings are given to meetings in the Lecture room of the church, for prayer and preparation for the Evangelistic Campaign to begin on next Sunday, the 26th. Mr. McKenzie, the Leader in song, will be here Saturday evening, and the Evangelist, Bob Jones, is also confidently expected by that time. He begins with the service of Sunday morning, at 11.00 o'clock. A brief note from him says he will be here at that time, and also indicated that they are having a great awakening and ingathering of the people at Macon, Wisconsin, from which point he comes to Bellefonte. Surely the Kingdom of God is come nigh to us in this community. May it be to our joy and not to our condemnation.

Miss Pearl Knisely entertained last Wednesday with a fancy dress party.

The quarantine on the Bottorf home, in Spring Street, was lifted on Monday.

Mrs. Harry Keller entertained on Tuesday afternoon at her home on East Linn Street.

Miss Rebecca N. Rhoads departed last Saturday for Washington, D. C., to visit with friends.

Mrs. Edward Garman has as her house guests over the week-end Mrs. Ruger and Mrs. Wick Lingle, of Philipsburg.

Mrs. Alice Parker went to Curtin on Tuesday night to take care of Mr. Glenn's daughter, who is ill with scarlet fever.

Dr. Edith Schad a few evenings ago gave a delightful party for her son, Frederick, who recently returned home from Mexico.

Mrs. William Doll departed yesterday for Williamsport and Linden, expecting to visit at the latter place at the G. A. Gillan home.

Mrs. Brandon and daughter, Miss Virginia, of Scranton, arrived in Bellefonte on Tuesday and are visiting with Mrs. Harry Walkey.

Mrs. E. E. Sparks and her sister, Mrs. Conner, of State College, were among the guests at Mrs. Harry Keller's reception on Tuesday afternoon.

The wedding of Miss Nellie Conley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. William Conley, and Mr. William Wallace, of Crafton, will be solemnized in the Reformed church on Wednesday, November 12th.

F. Potts Green is always spry and vigorous, but yesterday it was quite apparent that he was stepping about with about as much vim and spirit as a school boy. The reason proved to be that he was celebrating his seventy-ninth birthday anniversary. During the day he was on the job as usual, filling prescriptions and waiting on customers at the drug store, although taking time now and then to receive the congratulations and best wishes of admiring friends.

The opening number of the Star Course will be next Thursday night, and everything is being done to make it a grand success. The ladies will decorate the theatre and see that every detail for the reception of the grand opera company is complete. The ushers will be in full dress, and the pages in white will serve you with delicious bon bons fresh from New York. The new chart is plainly lettered and numbered, so that there need be no mistakes in the selection of seats. Another innovation will be that patrons may secure reserved seats right through the whole course. The first number will be the International Opera Co., in fancy costume, giving music and scenes from grand opera. Although the course will be far superior to last year, the price of tickets remains the same, as it is not the purpose of the Y. M. C. A. to make money out of the venture, but rather to give the music-loving people some of the highest class music in the country. Reserved seats will be on sale on the 29th, beginning at 9 o'clock, at the Y. M. C. A.

Obtained Woman's Freedom.

Lawyer Henry C. Quigley in the United States District Court, at Scranton, on Tuesday succeeded in having Mrs. Ellen O. Burch given her liberty, this at a time when it looked as if the woman might get a severe sentence on the charge of misusing the mails by means of fake matrimonial advertisements. Lawyer Quigley put up a strong plea for leniency for the woman and sentence was suspended. Mrs. Burch is now 19 years old. She was married when but 15 at Aurora, Illinois. A year ago her husband skipped out. She then advertised in matrimonial papers. Some of the replies contained money, photographs having been used to make her appear as exceptionally beautiful. Of course she couldn't marry all who replied and who had enclosed her money, and finally the postal inspectors were called into the case.

Humanizing Houses.

Houses are curious things. We take a morsel of illimitable space and wall it in and roof it over. Suddenly it ceases to be part of God's out of doors and becomes an entity with an atmosphere of its own. We warm it with our fires, we animate it with our affections, we furnish it with such things as seem good in our eyes. We do this to get shelter for our bodies, but we acquire as well an instrument for our spirits that reacts on us in its turn.

In other words, as we live our way into a house, adapting it to our need, the bricks and mortar, the paint and plaster, cease to be inert matter and become alive. Superficial sociologists have taunted women with being "more anabolic or plantlike" than man, but I count it her second glory. The plant is an organism that "slowly turns lifeless into living matter," and this is the thing that woman has done from the beginning with her shelter. In our houses we achieve almost an organic extension of our very selves.—Cornelia A. P. Comer in Atlantic.

Then She Recovered.

"For weeks and weeks after my husband died I was unable to sleep."

"I hope you are all over that now," her sympathetic friend replied.

"Yes. The lawyers finally found his insurance policy in a safety deposit box that he had never told me about."—Chicago Record-Herald.

SULZER CONVICTED

New York Governor Removed from Office by Court of Impeachment.

The famous impeachment trial of Governor William Sulzer, of New York, was concluded last Friday. The court formally declared the Governor guilty of the first, second and fourth articles in the charges submitted by the Legislature. These related to falsely swearing to campaign contributions and expenditures and to applying campaign money to personal uses. The Governor was acquitted on the several other articles, one of which charged him with bribery. After convicting the Governor the impeachment adopted a resolution formally removing him from office. The court did not disqualify him from holding public office in the future, although it is extremely unlikely that Sulzer will ever again aspire to high public honors.

With the removal of Sulzer, Lieutenant Governor Martin H. Glynn becomes Governor of New York. Robert F. Wagner, a New York lawyer, becomes Lieutenant Governor.

The vote impeaching Sulzer on the first and second articles was 39 to 18, a bare two-thirds majority, as required. The vote acquitting the Governor of bribery was unanimous. On the article charging Sulzer with suppressing evidence at the original investigation by the Legislature the vote was 43 to 14 against him.

After being notified of his removal from office Sulzer issued a statement in in which he said: My trial, from begin to end—so far as the Tammanyized part of the court was concerned—was a farce—a political lynching—the consummation of a deeplaid political conspiracy to oust me from office. I am glad it is all over. I am tired of being calumniated, tired of being hunted and hounded; tired of trying to do my duty and being traduced.

"Mr. Murphy controlled the Assembly and 'ordered' the impeachment. He controlled most of the members of the court and dictated its procedure and wrote the judgment. He was the judge and the jury, the prosecutor and the bailiff. The meetings of the court were in secret and behind closed doors. It was a star-chamber proceeding, where the enemies of the State could work for my conviction undiscovered.

"They called it 'the high court of impeachment,' but history will call it 'Murphy's high court of infamy.' The trial was a human shambles, a libel on law, a flagrant abuse of constitutional rights, a disgrace to our civilization, and the verdict overturned the safeguards of liberty and the precedents of three centuries. The judgment will not stand the test of time. The future historian will do me justice and posterity will reverse the findings of the court.

The Sim Clothes

We could not were we to take several pages of this paper--and use the strongest words in their favor--do these clothes--the showing we are making--and do justice to them. It would sound like boasting--to realize--to appreciate--you must see them.

Beautiful new Suits--Overcoats--Raincoats-Mackinaw coats-Sweaters-Gloves--Neckwear--Hats--anything for men or boys' wearing shown in a profusion and university of new styles that is unparalleled. To see where this showing excels--in goodness and newness of style in dependability and quality in the moderateness of price--you should not miss seeing this Fall and Winter display--Glad to show you--

SIM THE CLOTHIER

BELLEFONTE, STATE COLLEGE

SEE BEFORE YOU BUY!

No amount of skill or well wishing can enable a tailor to give you the fit or cut if he does not actually see you. So much for long distant tailoring.

See your suit before you buy it. Nor can you judge just how a suit will please you when you see it only as a small sample and fashion plate. Again you see your whole suit before you buy it.

A custom tailor can give you nothing you will find in

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